# THE CHICAGO LEDGER

A MODERN HOME WEEKLY OF ROMANCE, DEPARTMENTS AND EVENTS

VOL. XXVI. NO. 45. CHICAGO, ILL., WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 9, 1898. Single Copies 5 Cents.


### IN VISIONS OF HOME.

BY T. C. HARBAUGH.

How soft is the pillow to those who would rest
And dream of a dwelling by memory blest;
How welcome the night, with the stars in the sky,
When the breezes sweep in the dim valleys by.
And back in the past through the gates of the soul
The scenes of our youth to our senses unroll,
And the fingers of love on the land and the foam
Unlock, for the moment, sweet visions of home.

We turn from the world with its sunlight and shade,
We spurn the fair pains that ambition has made,
The triumphs of life and the cares of the day
Aweary at dusk do we oft put away;
We forget then, adieu, we can hear the low sigh
Of waters that charmed in the dear long ago,
That again through the realms of the past we can roam,
And stand, as of yore, 'neath the roofines of home.

Aye, down the fair flower-fringed vistas of time
Come the touch of a hand and the thrill of a kiss;
We reach again in a moment's embrace,
And sunshine dances in memory sweet face;
In slumber we roar, as of old, the level plain
Which cheers as the swallow that follows the rain;
And we smile in our sleep 'mouth the star-lighted dome,
For care does afar from the visions of home.

The years, as they vanish like leaves on the wind,
The rose always blooms in youth's beautiful mind,
And "Home" is a word that is cowards for all time;
The brow may be wrinkled, the footsteps be slow,
The tale of the dreamer may strut the stage,
But the calm lies beyond all the breakers ahead,
And he reaches love's harbor in the visions of home.

### MELTING.

"With nothing, still, your hearth alone to cheer,"
"Alas, I have no!" sighed she;
"This weather will, I guess."
—Washington Star.

"The man who hinders me dies!" cried the detective.

# THE BUCHANNAN DIAMONDS.

## A Detective Story of Chicago.

By M. J. ROY,

Author of "Old Cap Ruggles," "Mormonism Unveiled," "Closed at 64," "Arenguren," "The Mine of Death." Etc, Etc.

SYNOPSIS.

[Fifty thousand dollars worth of diamonds are stolen from the residence of General Buchannan, and Claude Winters, the lover of Cora Buchannan, is suspected and arrested. The case seems strong against the young man, who is poor, but Cora employs Mark Fills, the famous detective, to look out for his interests. In the meantime Mabel Mikeljohn, a beautiful unknown from the west, and a mysterious man tries to murder him. Mark is rescued by the police and leads a raid on a house known as Happy Ann's, where the famous Pinkerton detective and his headquarters. Looking through the house they find a dead woman in the hands of one of the detectives, who made into the room. Mark Fills is wounded and the Buchannan diamonds recovered from the coach.

"Ah, my dear boy! I don't know that this is a proper place for a scion of Her Majesty Mabel's noblest blood," said Sir Arthur.

"You will be alarmed, my lord, I want you to see something you've left in Chicago."

"Aw, by Jove, I saw a great deal of gay life in Chicago, but I don't remember to say that I liked it; it was too beastly low-down. What is it, Mabel, you've got into danger?"

"Papa, I'll want just as little as possible, don't ye know. The less the better it will be for me."

The conversation between the two was carried on in a tone under the floor.

"Come, we must get out of here," he said to the shivering, helpless companions who stood about him.

They turned their pleading eyes toward the detective.

"Just three more of that old house and then they dressed.

At the northwest corner the throat an old-looking key into what seemed a hole, and a panel of the wainscoting flew back, revealing a dark, narrow passage.

The roughly built took a lantern, lighted it, thrust it in the hand of the man called Sir Arthur, and motioned him to enter.

"Follow me," he said, "and be careful."

"They did so without a moment's hesitation.

Mark then looked about the premises to see if all was in order, and to see that not anything likely to arouse suspicion.

He then stepped into the room of the character and stepped into the passage, closed the door, and, touching a spring, the iron panel shut back into place.

If they find that out," he soliloquized, "they won't know whether it has been occupied in the last century or not."

He hurried on after the retreating outlaws and, overhanging them, said:

"Keep on, my friends, to Clark Alley and obey me. I will be there, but you won't see me."

The underground passage came out into the basement of an old tumble-down building two blocks from where it started.

Here the Tenderloin gang separated, and three mysterious chief, Captain Hawk, disappeared from the city.

The evening which he had announced for the ice men to be at the place called Tea Pin Alley arrived.

The resort was thronged that evening. All of the elite and the wealthiest gentlemen of the city were present.

Tea Pin Alley, at that day, was a resort that was quite fashionable. Here the aristocrat and the loafer met on equal terms.

On this evening two of our former acquaintances were present.

"Ah, my dear boy! I don't know that this is a proper place for a scion of Her Majesty Mabel's noblest blood," said Sir Arthur, to Claude.

"You will be alarmed, my lord, I want you to see something you've left in Chicago."

"Aw, by Jove, I saw a great deal of gay life in Chicago, but I don't remember to say that I liked it; it was too beastly low-down. What is it, Mabel, you've got into danger?"

"Papa, I'll want just as little as possible, don't ye know. The less the better it will be for me."

The conversation between the two was carried on in a tone under the floor.

"Come, we must get out of here," he said to the shivering, helpless companions who stood about him.

They turned their pleading eyes toward the detective.

"Just three more of that old house and then they dressed.

At the northwest corner the throat an old-looking key into what seemed a hole, and a panel of the wainscoting flew back, revealing a dark, narrow passage.

The roughly built took a lantern, lighted it, thrust it in the hand of the man called Sir Arthur, and motioned him to enter.

"Follow me," he said, "and be careful."

"They did so without a moment's hesitation.

Mark then looked about the premises to see if all was in order, and to see that not anything likely to arouse suspicion.

He then stepped into the room of the character and stepped into the passage, closed the door, and, touching a spring, the iron panel shut back into place.

If they find that out," he soliloquized, "they won't know whether it has been occupied in the last century or not."

He hurried on after the retreating outlaws and, overhanging them, said:

"Keep on, my friends, to Clark Alley and obey me. I will be there, but you won't see me."

The underground passage came out into

"Well, Sir Arthur, let us go. We've had enough of this, I suppose."

"At your own pleasure, my dear boy," the Englishman responded, while he puffed away at his cigar. "Really, I find this a very interesting study. There is so much human nature in it."

"I do not favor this kind of Bohemianism. Our carriage is waiting at the door, and I propose that we slowly and quietly and completely around. He was a little surprised to find the chair which the detective had occupied vacant.

"Where is the individual gone?

A glance at the room showed him the detective on the other side of the room, busily at one of the dead Spaniards.

"By Jove, my boy, there will be a little excitement soon."

"What do you mean?" asked Mikeljohn.

"I mean the detective is going to make an arrest."

"Then let us go."

"No, no, my dear boy, stay and see the game."

"I don't want to see it," declared Mikeljohn.

But at that moment the detective whom they had seen at the door entered with a dusty coat and his hand on the collar of the man whom the Englishman declared a pickpocket.

Immediately the white house was in a terrible tumult.

Men reeled, women shrieked, and a din of voices filled the room.

"Let's get out," declared Mikeljohn.

"Let's see it through," the Englishman, sternly.

The detective had laid a firm hand on the man, and was dragging him to the street door, when another man of the Englishman's description entered the room, cut a knife and, leaping at the captor, struck at his throat. The blow fell on the left hand, while his right shot out and struck the detective a fearful blow. The assailant, sending him tumbling heels over head, and quite sorry.

"Hang!" went a shot, and a bullet knocked the knife from the man's hand and shattered it.

With his freed hand he tore away the false beard, and a dozen cried out:

"Mark Fills!"

"Yes, and the man who hinders me dies!" cried the detective, as, with a cocked revolver he marched his prisoner out to the door.

At this moment there was a rattling of breaking glass of a window, and a pistol was suddenly hailed at the door.

The detective buried his prisoner in, and they were whirled away to the station.

### CHAPTER IX.

### CLAUDE WINTERS PREMISED HIS LIBERTY.

The second morning after the events narrated in the last chapter Mabel Fills, the character sat up to the breakfast table with a newspaper in the very height of fashionable dismay.

"Why, what's the matter, my dear?" asked Mrs. Fills, who was at the table.

"Why, mamma, don't you read?"

"Why, I read the paper this morning, but I don't see anything in it."

and he was silent for a moment, when he said:

"That may be difficult, Miss Buchanan."

"Is not the case bailable?"

"Certainly, yet the bail is so high that none of his friends can give it."

"There are some who can."

"Your father might, if he would, but he emphatically refuses."

"I do not depend on him."

"On whom do you depend?"

"Sir Arthur Vanhorn for one."

The detective was astonished.

"Does he believe Claude innocent?"

"Yes, sir. I was as much surprised as you. Have you located the diamonds yet?"

"No, there is some strange mystery about them."

"Have you had no clews since you were wounded?"

"None save this new prisoner. I do not know what may be developed from him."

"Let us go and see poor Claude as soon as possible, for he must be very lonely in his prison cell. He must be liberated, for he is innocent."

The detective accompanied her to the lawyer's office."

Mr. Isles was a tall, slender man with a very pale, shrunken face, and a thin beard on his chin.

He spoke in an easy, smooth voice, underlying which was deep shrewdness.

"Mr. Ellis, I have heard of you quite frequently, and the reputation you have would seem to insure success."

"Miss Buchannan informs me that you would be able to procure bail for the prisoner."

"Very easily, I think."

"I am pleased, as we are on our way to visit him, we shall carry the good news."

"Well, but he knows it already," the lawyer answered, opening his eyes widely and smiling at the same time.

"I trust there will be no delay in securing this promised bail."

"There will not be an hour longer than will be necessary to examine the securities offered and see that the properties are clear and titles good."

"You have been giving the legal side of this case some thought, Mr. Isles; what do you say of it?"

"It is perplexing," the lawyer answered. "I am depending wholly on you to work up the testimony for me."

"I will do the best in my power. Of one thing I am certain, and that is the diamonds are in the possession of a stranger."

"Who is the stranger?"

"I don't know."

"That is important."

"A fact which I realize and have made every possible effort to find out who he is, but in vain. I have one of his gang now in prison."

"Will he confess."

"No, sir."

"It is a pity the time of the Spanish Inquisition is past," said the lawyer. "Thumb-screws might open the rascal's mouth."

They went from the lawyer's office to the jail and were told to wait in on outer room, as the prisoner was engaged in conversation with someone.

They had been waiting but a few moments when a low, thick-set man, whose prominent nose and Hebraic features indicated the Jew, came out.

It was not until he passed Mark that he recognized his face and eyes.

Hurrying up to the guard he asked:

"Isn't that old Nosey Jacobs?"

"Yes."

"Is he again free?"

"Yes."

"How did it come about?"

"Oh, some of the richest men in the city went on his bond."

"That was remarkable."

"There are many things that are strange and mysterious in this cruel world," said the turnkey.

They went into the prison and found Claude Winters sitting on his bunk, his face a little more cheerful than before.

He greeted them with a smile, saying to Cora:

"I am glad to see you, Cora. Your presence is like sunlight in this gloomy place. But for you I know not what my fate would be. Living under this awful accusation is more than I could bear. But for the fact you have faith in my innocence, I would yield up my life."

She tried to speak, but her emotion was too great for several moments.

"You are so pale and thin, Claude."

"I will be better soon," said the prisoner. "A few days of fresh air and sunshine will make a different being of me."

"Do you hope soon to have your liberty?" she asked.

"I will be under bond in a few days, and then will join with that brave detective in finding the real thief who stole the Buchanan family diamonds."

After a short silence the detective asked:

"Have your bondsmen been found?"

"Yes, sir."

"Who are they?"

"I know but one, he is to secure the others."

The detective turned and walked to the other end of the cell, his head bent and his heart wildly plunging and throbbing at his side.

The lovers were left alone for a few moments, and renewed their vows and assurances of love and constancy.

"Be of good cheer and all will be well," the maiden whispered.

"Cora, I have renewed hope. I believe I will prove my innocence yet, and then the world shall know I am worthy of the love of such a noble woman as you."

"How soon do you think you will be out under bail?"

"Within a few weeks, perhaps days," he answered.

They then bade each other adieu, when the detective came forward and asked for a few moments' private interview with the prisoner. When alone he asked:

"Who is arranging for your bail?"

"The old Jew, Nosey Jacobs."

"I thought so. Mr. Winters, what mysterious tie is between you and this Jew?"

"I cannot tell."

"Will you not tell Miss Buchannan?"

"No, no; my God—she least of all must know. It has nothing to do with the diamond theft."

"This mystery must be explained, or you may prepare for the worst."

"It will never be explained, not even if I hang!" he answered.

(To be continued next week.)

### The Prayer of the Hungry Sick.

Another Wichita story becomes highly seasonable in view of the charge by the yellow journals that the typhoid convalescents are being starved to death in the army hospitals. Mr. Richey, the well-known Wichita railroad man, has been very sick at the local hospital with typhoid fever. His doctor visited him the other day and found him very depressed in spirits, and he said very solemnly:

"Doctor, I have been praying all night."

The doctor thought this a little strange, as Richey was not a religious man, but he replied sympathetically:

"You have been feeling pretty bad, haven't you?"

"No, it isn't exactly that."

"What is it, then?"

"Well, I've been praying that the egg you said I could have today would be an ostrich egg."

### Points and Blunt Points.

To be morally insignificant is the price we pay for sin.

Truth is not so fascinating as beauty, not even to the dying saint.

Men will endure to be murdered—if only it be transacted gently and politely.

There are certain matters, all feeling, on which we lack thoughts and words.

Man has fine triumphant moments, but is so great hero when the year has rolled round.

The laborer is the world's silent creditor, the idler its insolvent debtor.

Men being naturally slaves, when a free man comes along he is either worshiped as a god or stoned as a devil.

Wit is of the mind, its daylight and blue sky—humor is of the heart, the rainbow of its smiles and tears.

## TWO HAPPY SINNERS.

### They Came Out of Pleasant Valley and Entered the Valley of the Shadow of Death.

"Are you a Yankee?" he asked.

His voice was gentle, his manner apologetic; I thawed instantly and replied:

"Yes."

"What part?"

"Colorado."

"Colorado—well, I'm jiggered!" And his face all smiles, the stranger ran on: "You don't say so. Ever get so far north as Cariboo?"

His look was so wistful I should have chanced to lie just to please him, but I was speaking the truth when I answered:

"Yes—lived there two years; ran the Cardinal mill and mine in the early seventies."

"Then you are Frank Howard?"

"Yes; and you?"

"Harrison Snowden. I only got down Cariboo way six years ago; prospecting over in the Middle Park before that. May I join you? I'm just starving for a talk with somebody."

I told him to sit down; told him I was glad to see him. And I was. I am not given to sudden fancies, but I liked him. He was a handsome man, that is, handsome as we class men on the range; frame built for rough ways and weather; clear of skin, eyes two bits of Colorado sky; beard long, soft, and brown. But it was his voice that took me, for it had that peculiar note common to men who live among the mountains, men knowing the voice of nature better than the voice of man.

Snowden drew up his chair and placed his glass of whisky on my table, and a moment later we were deep in talk of Rocky mountain days, ways, and people. At last, our camp talk having run to dregs, I asked:

"What are you doing in London?"

My question wiped the smile from Snowdon's face, revealing lines I had failed to notice before, and there was a nervous break in his voice when he answered:

"Came over to sell my tunnel."

"Have you sold it?"

"Yes, Tom—that's his name, isn't it?"

"Yes."

"Tom, bring us two more of the same."

When the glasses had been placed on the table, Snowden said:

"Howard, I've got a kit of trouble heavier than I can manage alone; you'll help me if you'll let me talk. May I?"

"Go ahead, old boy, and don't forget you're talking to a man from your old camp."

That is what I said, for I felt for him somehow. There were lines in this man's face, and a hunted look in his eyes that I knew were not born in the Rocky mountains. I wanted to help him. My heart must have got into my words, for Snowden without further question began his story.

"My tunnel, Howard, was down in Pleasant valley—the old McDonald claim. You must remember the Scotchman?"

"Yes, I remember him; hot old party."

"Well, I knew every inch of the hill over that tunnel, and believed I could open up, by the tunnel, some blind lead no one had tapped from Cariboo Hill. That's why I bought the tunnel when old Mac died; why, I put all my cash and five years' work into it. More than once I was chuckling it; and I would if it hadn't been for the Ames folks. Ever meet Ames?"

"No; he must be a newcomer."

"Of course," exclaimed Snowdon, "he came to Cariboo after I did. Ames farmed that little ranch in Pleasant valley; no good himself; drunk six days out of seven, gambling the other day. His father was a rich Boston man who couldn't hold the boy in, so pensioned him and put him out of sight. I never took any stock in Ames, but his wife, Clara, and their little child, Jessie—why, in a short time they were the whole valley to me. There is something almighty fetching, Howard, about a free-moving, high-spirited woman; and this Clara Ames, she was both. Maybe it was the Colorado air, maybe it was getting away from the bricked-up city; I don't know just what it was; I do know they were both awfully alive, and the sight of such live people set my blood tingling as it never tingled before.

"Clara and Jessie used to come to the mouth of my tunnel about noon every day; this was the time when I came out to eat my dinner. They both seemed to take to me. I don't know why. Maybe they'd never seen a chap as queer in get-up ways. Maybe, too, it was only my fiddle, for I had a 'sure enough' fiddle, and could make it sing. Clara, she was always wanting me to play. And when I'd play she'd curl up on the sand and 'pear to catch every note; I don't believe one got past her. When I wasn't playing, she'd nag me to talk about myself—where I lived, what I thought about this and that; she couldn't seem to hear too much about me. It seemed strange to me, and I puzzled over it at first; then I stopped puzzling and enjoyed being alive.

"Well, so things jogged along, till October and the first snow. Then something happened.

"One night the 'Greaser' boy rode up from the ranch with a message from Clara. 'Jessie ill—and she wanted me.' I didn't take long to get there, or when I got there to find my way to Jessie. It was a bad sight, that first look I got of Jessie's room. Clara was on the bed holding Jessie's hand; Ames was on the floor under the window, drunk—drunker than usual. Clara heard me come in, got up quickly, and carried me off to the kitchen.

"'Jessie is ill; she can hardly get her breath. I have sent down the canyon for Doctor Hutchinson; watch for him and bring him to me when he comes.' Then she went back to her child.

"I had been in the kitchen less than ten minutes when Clara called:

"'Harry, come quick; I can't make Jessie answer me.'

"In a second I was at the bedside; one look was enough. Clara, chafing Jessie's hand, started to ask some question; she must have read my face, for with a cry, she sprang from the bed and moved towards her husband. But when she saw his condition she shrank back, then crossing to where I stood flung her arms about my neck and kissed me. I wasn't surprised; it seemed right, it seemed natural—but, ah! how I wanted to say something that would comfort her; yet—God! man, I couldn't get grip on words; so I just lifted her face and kissed it.

"'I know what you mean, Harry,' she said, softly. 'For a moment I seemed all alone; now I know that I'm not.'

"Then she went back to her dead child. I don't know what I should have done next. The sight of that kneeling woman, that dead child and that drunken man fired my blood, but just then the doctor and Jim arrived. She had friends to help her now, and I slipped off to my own cabin.

"Cowardly of me to clear out—I know that's what you think—but I couldn't help it. Something had woke up in me I could not understand and was afraid of. I wanted to be alone to sort things over and get a new hold on myself. And that night, on the broad of my back, I did think it over, saw what I ought to have seen months before, and made my plans. I loved Clara, and she loved me—those two things were clear as day. If I stayed in the valley there would come trouble. We were boy and girl yesterday; we would be man and woman the next time we met. Luckily, so it seemed to me that night, Simpson, a mining broker in Denver, had written me a few days before that he could sell my property for 16,000 pounds if I would go over to London and close the deal. Before that night ended I decided to close with his offer and go—go without seeing Clara again. The old valley doctor was a splendid fellow and would stand by Clara; she'd miss me, feel hurt at me, I knew. It wasn't a pleasant road I had marked out to travel, but then the choice wasn't between a good and a bad road, but between a bad and a d—d bad one. Then, too, I write to her from London, and maybe Jessie's death would pull Ames up and make a decent man of him. That's how I argued it with myself. At daybreak I was riding down the Boulder canyon.

"I reached Denver all right; saw the broker, but found out that I could not get the papers fixed until night. This left me with a lot of time on my hands, and, not caring to loaf about and think, I ran over to Boulder City to look up an old chum. But first I made that broker promise me faithfully to send all the papers to my hotel, so that I could start east by the Atlantic express. I didn't have any luck at Boulder—chum had been dead six months—and I got back to Denver two hours before I calculated. As I passed into the hotel the clerk called out:

"'Snowdon, No. 173. There's someone waiting for you in your room.'

"'Simpson's man with the papers,' I said to myself, as I hurried up the steps.

When I opened my door I was face to face with Clara Ames.

"'God! Clara, what brings you here?'

"That's what I said, and I was trembling all over. Clara let her brown eyes into mine for a moment; then she crossed the room, closed and locked the door, and, facing me, said:

"'I am going away from Colorado; going away tonight, and with you!'

"'No, no, Clara,' I cried. 'You don't know what you are saying.'

"'I do, exactly. Ames hasn't drawn a sober breath since Jessie died. You are all I have left. I'm—I'm a woman, not an angel. It's go with you or this.' And drawing a revolver from her dress she tapped nervously on the barrel. I tried to speak but she pulled me up.

"'I've done with Ames; done with some other things. Don't drive me to this,' and once more her white fingers toyed with the shooter.

"'Be at the railroad station tonight at 8 o'clock; we must not be seen together in Denver.' That was my answer, Howard. When the woman you love gives you such a choice, by God, she doesn't give you any choice. Isn't that so?"

He did not give me time to answer this question, but ran on.

"That night we left Denver together; both very quiet, both very happy; after the first plunge it didn't seem a bit strange. Queer, wasn't it?

"There's not much to tell about our journey, except that I soon discovered I'd have got along badly without Clara, for I had never been east of Denver in my life and was a child at traveling. Clara it seemed had been everywhere. And she was so happy, Howard. When we had placed a couple of days between us and Pleasant valley she began to talk about herself; tell me about her life before we met. Her mother died when she was a baby; two old maids had reared her. These old girls had lots of money, and Ames believed Clara would get it all and married her. The old girls died and Clara only got the interest on this money, the principal, under their will, at Clara's death going to a Boston charity. That was her story. I forgot to tell you, Howard, we sailed from Halifax instead of New York. I did this to throw Ames off the track, for I knew he would scratch earth and hell to find us as soon as his next remittance from home gave him money enough to leave Pleasant valley."

Here my friend broke the thread of his story—I do not believe he had the strength

"The sight of that kneeling woman and dead child fired me."

to carry it any further—and sat gazing at the fire. And, watching the flames, the old prospector saw perhaps, as I did, a line of white ash capping the black coals and counterfeiting the far-off snowy range. At last his smile came back, a new light burned in his eyes, and he began to whistle softly an old air linked, I fancied, with that happy valley life. And while he dreamed of the far-off valley home I traveled back over his story, trying to picture what this late-coming taste of real love and real life must have been to such a big-hearted child of the range. Such men as Snowden meet and mingle with but two kinds of women in their narrow way of life—Good, but stupid; bad, but coarse. And yet affection in them runs strong; tenderness of heart, alertness of mind, gentleness of manner develop in a working partnership with nature—nature wild and winsome by turns, but always companionable. And the woman—robbed of her childhood, married to a coarse brute; then suddenly to become the idol and companion of this clean-thinking, big-hearted man, who could measure her new joy in living?

All this and more, flashed through my mind as I watched the blazing fire and waited for my friend to resume his story. At last Tom, the waiter, at a signal from me, brought two new glasses of grog. The noise of the glasses as they were placed on the table called Snowdon back from his dream, and, pulling himself together, he resumed his talk, but speaking slowly now, for his tide of happiness was swinging to the ebb.

"My, Howard, how happy we were during those first days in London! We tramped about to all the old palaces, old cathedrals, old parks; sometimes we merely stood still and took in the wonderful crowds and streets. It was a glorious thing to be alive. Clara had read about all the places, had visited most of them before, and she was so happy telling me everything and showing me everything. We like the old Abbey best; somehow, it always carried us back to the range. Well, like that a month passed away, then Clara began to feel London air a bit heavy; her mother's old heart trouble showed itself; so I took a cottage down at Richmond, out of London fog and noise. My tunnel had been sold and part payment made, and I had plenty of money.

"There is no good telling of the happy times we had in that little home—'our home,' Howard, I had ever known in my life; I don't believe I could tell you if I tried. But every day when I got through my work in the city, I always hurried back to Clara, and then we had a walk or drive or perhaps a row on the river till night sent us indoors with something brighter and warmer than Colorado sunshine in our hearts. We did not plan the future; only one thing had been arranged—we would pass the winter in Egypt; this was Clara's idea, not mine. Dashed if I knew exactly where or what Egypt was.

"One night—it was last Thursday—I was kept in the city later than usual—about two hours later—and it was dark when I got home. When I opened the door I called out, 'Hello, sweetheart, here I am; sorry to be so late.' I got no answer. 'Perhaps she's out walking,' I said to myself, and went into the dining room—there was Clara sitting in her chair by the window.

"'Didn't you hear me, sweetheart?' I said. 'Asleep, are you?' and then, bending down, I kissed her. Her forehead was like ice. I must have gone mad then, for the servant came hurrying in to see what was the matter. She saw at once what had happened—saw that Clara was dead, and—God help me, I can't go on."

Snowdon sprang from his chair, walked rapidly to the opposite side of the room, turned quickly, and, with a few long strides was again facing me. Passion in his face, passion in his voice he cried:

"That was one week ago, since then I have been out of my senses; God only knows how I've kept from killing myself. Perhaps Clara has kept me from that. She was a good woman, Howard; I'd like to go to her this moment, but suicide wouldn't send me to where she is now."

Dropping into the chair, Snowdon covered his white face with his big hands. Strength and story had reached their end.

It was midnight, a crowd of men from the music hall at the corner trooped into the smoking room. The sound of many voices and of laughter fell on my spirit with the chill of an east wind. I touched my companion on the shoulder and said:

"Old boy, you must come home with me. I've lots of Colorado pictures. A few days' rest will pull you together. Come on."

Snowdon got up drew on his overcoat and followed me, taking my arm as we passed into Little Queen street and dividing the scant shelter of my umbrella. The narrowing footpath, however, soon forced Snowdon to drop my arm and fall in behind me. When Holborn was reached, believing he was at my heels, I hurried across the muddy street; but, turning a moment later to ask a question, I discovered that he was not behind me. A backward glance however, solved the mystery. A young beggar woman, carrying a babe, had stopped him on the opposite corner, and he was giving her a handful of silver.

"Come along, Snowdon," I cried.

"Coming," he answered.

Then turning slowly, his eyes still following the retreating beggar, he took a long step into the muddy street, slipped, fell; a cab swooped out of the darkness, and—Snowdon of Pleasant valley was over the edge of the world and into the Valley of the Shadow of Death.

## ANNEXATION.

### Problem Which Hawaii Brought to a Pair of Lovers and Its Result.

"Laura, Hawaii is annexed!" exclaimed Tom Worthington as he walked briskly into Laura Glenn's dooryard.

It was a fair, brown haired girl who sat on the low bench under the old tree. Tom had looked at her with a thrill of exultation as he came up the path. She had not heard him, and her brown head was bent over a book. She looked up with a smile as he sprang across the grass and approached the bench.

"Hawaii?" she queried doubtfully, smiling because he was smiling.

"Yes, don't you know that Uncle John has a coffee plantation near Honolulu?"

"No," said Laura.

"Of course, I remember now that I did not tell you about it, because I had very little idea that it would mean anything to us. You see, mother's brother, my Uncle John, went out to Honolulu over twenty years ago. He did not stay long, but while he was there he befriended some rich native. We never did understand just how it was, but when the man died he left a will by which Uncle John was to inherit a certain tract of land in the Unuanu valley provided there were no direct heirs. Of course we did not think anything of it, because Uncle John used to laugh about his Hawaiian estate and say that there was no danger but that there would be plenty of heirs to keep him out of it.

"However, the interesting part of this, and that is why I am so happy, dear. The land is ours now. Since the United States have annexed the islands the property increases in value and all question about the validity of the title will be settled satisfactorily.

"Do you know what that means, little girl?" And Tom leaned tenderly toward Laura, who sat looking at him with wide open, surprised eyes.

There was a quick gleam in her eyes as she looked into his. Then her head drooped, and a blush mounted to her cheeks.

"Yes, dear," exclaimed Tom, pressing her hand. "It means that you and I can marry very soon. We will not have to work and wait, as we thought. The path is plain before us. Won't you tell me that you are glad?" And he drew her within the circle of his arm.

"It seems too good to be true," sighed the happy girl.

Tom was too happy to remain silent. He was excited and exultant. How much this news from the capital meant to him and Laura could not be estimated at once.

"Tell me about it," whispered Laura.

"You see, we knew several months ago that the last of the Hawaiian heirs was gone—that is, that he is as good as dead. Just think, Laura, he has leprosy and was sent to the leper colony. You see, the estate should have been ours then, but the native agents out there kept the facts away from us. The agitation about the annexation, however, brought all these things to light. The will of Uncle John's friend was plain. If his heirs were not able to inherit, it was to go to Uncle John and his heirs. Mother and I are the heirs, you know. So we come in for a good income, they tell me."

"And we get this blessing because of the curse of leprosy upon those poor people out there?" said Laura in a tender voice.

"Yes, dear," said Tom, sobered suddenly. He looked up into the swaying branches above him. He saw the July flowers nodding in the breeze, and then he looked at Laura, fair queen of his heart. His happiness had been purchased at a dear price indeed. Hideous leprosy had robbed another man of all that was dear to him—home and wife and friends and the enjoyment of the commonest things of life.

"It seems that the old native who was Uncle John's friend had a horror of leprosy," said Tom in explanation of the singular will. "In fact, he had it himself when Uncle John was there, but he kept it a secret. There was a curse upon his family, he often said. He hoped much, however, of this youngest son—the one who has just been taken into the leper colony."

Tom was silent for a few moments and then went on:

"The old fellow explained to Uncle John that if the leprosy carried off his entire family, the property would go to some collateral relative. It was to prevent their obtaining possession that he made the will. He hated them. Their grandmother had cursed his father and his father's children. You know how queer and superstitious those people are. Leprosy has taken the entire family of these cousins, too, so that there is no one but one leper to inherit the property. Now that the United States government is taking hold the title will be cleared up. We will prove our claim, and the income will be paid to us."

"But the poor leper?" exclaimed Laura. "Surely he has a right to the land. Just think how miserable he must be."

"Well, it is pretty hard," admitted Tom. "You see, he is as good as dead now. In the eyes of the Hawaiians themselves he is dead. No one who goes to the leper colony ever comes back. He will be fed and clothed and that is all the poor wretch can want."

"How old is he?" asked Laura, suddenly.

"Let me see," and Tom drew out some papers and turned them over. "Puoa Hunsu must be about 24 now."

"Three years younger than you are," said the pitying Laura. Then, turning to her lover, she exclaimed: "Tom, he ought to have some of that money. We have no right to it—that is, of course, you and your mother may do as you think best about it, but I can't take any of it. What have I ever done that I should enjoy the result of that poor fellow's misery?"

"What a conscientious little thing it is," said Tom, caressing her brown hair. "But don't you see, Laura," he continued argumentatively, "the property is ours. It does not belong to any one else. The law gives it to us."

"Yes," replied Laura, still doubtful, "but you said that the annexation altered the state of affairs."

"So it does. There will be no difficulty now about establishing our title, and when that is done—oh, Laura, you and I can be happy together."

"No, Tom; not at the price of another's unhappiness," said Laura very firmly. "We have no right to that property away out there in the Pacific. It belongs to the islanders. We would be usurpers. I cannot do it, Tom. You mustn't ask me."

"Not ask you to share what is mine with me!" exclaimed Tom. "That plantation is ours because it does not belong to any one else. According to Hawaiian custom, lepers have no legal rights. It is impossible for them to have, shut up in that colony as they are. Besides in the clause of the will there is a paragraph which mentions the conditions under which Uncle John was to inherit it. In case of death or leprosy removing his heirs the old fellow left the plantation to Uncle John. I told you that he had a dread of leprosy. That is why he put that clause in the will. He did not want the property to be enjoyed by a native. He wanted Uncle John to have it."

"Granting all that," returned Laura, "you cannot get around the fact that if it had not been for the leprosy we should not have got the property. The rightful owner is that poor fellow on the plague stricken island. I think the income should be used in making him comfortable for the rest of his unhappy life. That plantation is an inheritance from his ancestors. We would be interlopers."

"Trust a woman to have all the scruples in the world," exclaimed Tom in disgust. "Can't you be reasonable for one minute, Laura? The property is there. It must be used by somebody. If it does not belong to us, it will be confiscated by some one with no right to it, while we have a right there. Haven't I been explaining and explaining that the old native wanted Uncle John to have it in case his own heirs had leprosy? I can't make it plainer. I wish you would be reasonable."

"I can't be reasonable enough to do what I think is wrong," said Laura, with great firmness and dignity. "I do not say anything about your taking the property. I do say, however, that I will have nothing to do with it."

"Well, Laura, that means that you will have nothing to do with me," said Tom in a voice as hard as her own. He could be quite as dignified as she.

"That is what it means," assented Laura coldly.

"Oh, very well," said Tom. Rising, he strode toward the gate. He turned as he opened the gate, lifted his hat and said:

"Good morning, Miss Glenn."

The annexation of Hawaii had precipitated a lovers' quarrel. Tom walked down the street, viciously biting his mustache and swearing under his breath. He anathematized women's consciences, scruples and unreasonableness. This was a pretty mess, to be sure, and he thought his troubles were over.

Laura went upstairs and wept until she had a bad headache. Her eyes were so red and swollen that she had to keep away from the family. On the whole, Tom and Laura were miserable enough on that warm July day, not so many weeks ago.

Tom's face was set in hard lines all that afternoon. He was very angry with Laura and the whole world seemed to be wrong.

When he went home that evening he told his mother that Laura thought the poor leper ought to have the money. He would not tell her that they had quarreled, but he allowed himself to show his impatience with his sweetheart's scriples.

"Laura is right," said his mother. "A part of the money at least ought to be spent in providing comforts for that poor fellow. I am glad the woman who will be my son's wife has shown the right spirit."

Tom was silent. He had not thought much about Puoa Hunau before. The fact that his financial difficulties were to be removed from his path was all that had interested him. Now he saw the bitterness of the poor native's lot. To face a slow death on the hateful leper island was a hard fate, indeed. But what could he do?

Suddenly he sprang to his feet. See Laura he must.

"Mother," he exclaimed, "I am going to ask Laura to marry me right away. Then we can go out to Honolulu right away, look after the plantation and see what can be done for poor Puoa."

Catching up his hat, he almost ran from the house in his eagerness. Fifteen minutes later he was standing at the Glenn front door asking breathlessly for Laura.

"Laura is upstairs with a headache," said the small brother who had opened the door.

Tom drew a card from his pocket and wrote: "Won't you see me for a few minutes, dear? I want you to tell me how to help Puoa."

When Laura came down—and she made haste to obey her lover's summons—she found Tom sitting on the bench under the old tree which had so often shaded them. It was here that they had quarreled that morning. As Laura approached, her white dress gleaming in the moonlight, Tom went to meet her. Taking her into his arms impulsively, he said:

"Laura, you are the best woman in the world. I am not half good enough for you."

"Why, Tom," said Laura in surprise.

Tom's only reply was a kiss. Releasing her and holding her away from him so that he could see her face, he asked anxiously:

"Won't you go out to Honolulu with me and help me to do what is right for that poor leper? We will divide with him."

Laura's face brightened, but she was too astonished to speak.

"We must go at once," said this imperious lover. Then he spoke timidly: "You will marry me next week, won't you, Laura? We can sail from San Francisco on the next boat."

He waited for the answer.

"Oh, Tom!" said Laura, at last, and there was consent in her voice.

### Her Search for a Sick Soldier.

There came into a Brooklyn hospital one day last week a young woman who seemed in great mental distress. She told the hospital authorities that she was looking for her brother, who was a sick soldier, and of whom all trace had been lost. The brother had gone to Santiago, had become sick there and had been taken to Montauk Point. From there he had been sent to a hospital in New York or Brooklyn, but no one could tell where.

The young woman and her mother had come from the far west on a search for the soldier boy. They had spent several days at Camp Wikoff and found finally that he had been sent to a hospital in this city. Mother and daughter came here, took lodgings and went through all the hospitals, examining each ward. The search was without avail. They moved over to Brooklyn and there the mother became so exhausted and unnerved and the daughter continued the work alone. When she came into the hospital she feared her brother was too ill to give his name or that he had been entered on the books under a wrong name. She scanned the death list closely after a struggle with her courage, and did not find her brother's name.

Then, under proper guidance, she started through the wards, peering into the face of every man. She went went through them all and in an effort to control her disappointment and to overcome her complete despondency she stepped over to a window overlooking a yard where a dozen convalescent soldiers were sitting taking the air.

"Perhaps he's among them," said her guide.

The young woman shook her head and stood watching the soldiers, at the same time trying to keep back the tears. Suddenly she gave a scream.

"There's Tom now!" she cried. "How can I get to him? Let me go to him at once!"

There were no stairs in sight and in her excitement the young woman began to climb out of the window. She was seized and taken to a doorway. She dashed out to the group, calling her brother's name again and again. They were in each other's arms in a jiffy and the soldiers joined in the tears that were shed—all except one. After the young woman had taken her brother off this one growled out:

"I don't see why all you fellows had to cry because that girl found her brother. What d'je want to blubber for?"

"Ain't you got a mother or a sister?" asked one of the group.

The man bit his lips and fairly shouted: "Naw!"

The other soldiers turned their backs on him for the rest of the day. He felt it, however, and the next morning he said:

"Say, fellows, course I had a mother. I didn't mean anything. I didn't want to give way, that's all. It doesn't do a man any good. I was just trying to be a soldier, that's all, and I——"

Then that man broke down and soldierly stoicism went to the winds.

### England as a Colonizer.

England's remarkable success as a colonizing power indicates that America, her daughter in the west, could also succeed in that role if she attempts it, as she now seems to be thinking of doing. The character of the Englishman himself is the chief factor in his success when transplanted from the native soil—that is, as a colonizer. As a traveler the Englishman is not popular, except in so far as his money gives him favor. But when he starts out to make his home in another land it is an entirely different thing. America, like Australia, the West Indies, Africa or the country the other side of the moon seems to suit him as well as any other. Once transplanted, moreover, he is not afflicted with "nostalgia." He has no vague yearnings after London and England, but settles down and makes himself thoroughly at home in his own way, even though losing no opportunity to affirm that no other place is to be compared to his native heath.

The Frenchman, on the contrary, grows veritably homesick for "la belle France," and, above all, for Paris, to him always the capital of the world. The game of colonizing distant and barbarous lands seems to him hardly worth the candle—his bouillabaisse, his absinthe and his promenade on the boulevards are worth more to him than wealth or the stirring energy and achievement of new lands. Germany in recent years has begun colonizing and is anxious to do more of it, but the Frenchman, except in a vague way, does not care for it.

The corkscrew is mightier than the pen.


# The Best

## Medicine Money Can Buy

Is Hood's Sarsaparilla. It is prepared by educated and experienced pharmacists and every ingredient entering into its composition is selected with special reference to its being the best of its kind. These ingredients, consisting of Nature's best known remedies, have never been used, to so great an extent, in any other preparation. In the enormous sales of Hood's Sarsaparilla the people have written in indelible lines their appreciation of this medicine, and its wonderful cures, recorded in thousands of voluntary testimonials, prove the great power of Hood's Sarsaparilla over all diseases caused or promoted by impure blood.

**Hood's Sarsaparilla** Is America's Greatest Medicine. $1; six for $5. Prepared by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

**Hood's Pills** cure Liver Ills; easy to take, easy to operate. 25c.

**BOYS' Paper Free.** If you will send us the names of five or six bright boys between 14 and 18 years of age, giving their addresses, we will send you a copy of THE STAR for 3 months free. Be careful to send the names of boys that like to read a GOOD BOYS' PAPER. Address at once with stamp, THE STAR, Box BB, Oak Park, Illinois. When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

**FREE**

**56 PIECES** FULL-SIZE, For Families.

POPULAR FASHIONS New York City, DEPT. 520 P. O. BOX 2617. When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

# THE SATURDAY BLADE AND CHICAGO LEDGER FREE!

**To anyone getting us a boy to sell these papers in any town or village where we have no agent. Boys make 40 PER CENT profit. Write at once.**

# W. D. BOYCE CO., Chicago, Ill.

**Agents Wanted Page 7**

# I CURE FITS

When I say I cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office.

Prof. W. H. PEEKE, F.D., 4 Cedar St., N.Y. When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

**HOW** Doctors, Dentists, Pharmacists, skillful undergraduates can soon graduate. Look Box 198, Chicago. When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

MARRIAGE PAPER — Best Published — FREE. J. W. GUNNELS, Toledo, Ohio. When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

SEND ONE ELECTRIC BELT Free to every reader of this paper that applies, for advertising purposes. ... Dept. 142, Vineland, N.J. When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

A FULL BUSINESS EDUCATION learned at home only 10 cts. Address, ... 742 W. 23d St., Chicago. When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

SIX MONTHS FOR 10 CTS. When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

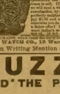
RODS AND DIPNEEDLES For locating lost Treasures, Gold and Silver. Circulars FREE. Address Mineral Hunters' Supply Co., M 10, Harrisburg, Pa. Mention the Chicago Ledger.

740 ... CARDS ... OHIO CARD CO., Cadiz, Ohio. When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

**DYSPEPSIA** INDIGESTION, HEART-BURN and all Stomach Troubles quickly relieved and cured by FLORAPLEXION. Sample bottle free by mail or Druggists. Every drop is worth its weight in gold when you need it. Address, Franklin Hart, Dept. 126 New York. When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

30 DAYS FREE TRIAL! Buy direct from Factory at Wholesale prices. Saves agents large profits. No money in advance. This High-grade Kenwood drop head Sewing Machine $22.50. Equal to others sold by agents at $65. Arlingtons at $14 to $19.50 retail value $25 to $50. Other Machines $8, $11.50 and $15. All attachments FREE. Over 100,000 in use. Warranted 10 years. Catalogue and testimonials free. Write today for special freight offer. CASH BUYERS' UNION, 158-164 W. Van Buren St., B-23 Chicago, Ill. When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

BIG MAIL FOR YOU!! ... Send 10 CENTS QUICK to—— STAR DIRECTORY CO., STATION E, CHICAGO, ILL. When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

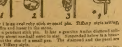


Ladies' or Gent's Size. ... SAFE WATCH CO., 19 Warren St., NEW YORK. When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

# PUZZLE

## FIND THE PRINCESS.

The above picture shows some men and boys in the woods searching for the princess. She is hid in the trees. She is the largest figure in the picture. ...



Number 1 is an oval ruby stick or scarf pin. Tiffany style setting. ...

BOYCE'S MONTHLY, Boyce Building, CHICAGO. When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

## FASHION'S KEYNOTES.

### Gorgeous and Fantastic Evening Wraps Are Chiefly of the Victorian Period.

Perhaps if any woman will look back through the vista of fashion for the last five years she will be interested to observe what a successful warfare she has waged in defense of the plain skirt. This garment has gone through many phases in many seasons. It has been gored and ungored to the last extremity, severely plain as a habit, set in the largest folds and in the closest of gathers. It has been garnished with braids, ribbons and jets; a deadly onslaught of ruffles attacked it at one time and fearful rumors of overdresses darkened the air, but in spite of everything it has at no period lost its character of a plain skirt. The modistes have railed against its severity, but in all these changing seasons they have been unable to effect anything like a genuine revolution. The carriage skirt, it is true, has a train, the walking skirt sweeps the street and is cut so tight from hip to knees that we seem to have returned to the barbarism of the old-fashioned tie back, still the plain skirt remains practically intact and for small mercies we should be duly thankful.

WHAT THE OPENINGS SHOW.

A couple of weeks since the gas-lighted show rooms of the costume importers' shops were filled with customers, who, by special invitation, had dropped in to look over the French novelties in evening dresses, and there again the painfully close tight skirt reigned all supreme. Saving this single defect the Parisian novelties commanded sincere praise, without inspiring awe over any striking novelties. Tuckings, plaiting, gaufferings, and gaugins showed their familiar wrinkles frequently; there were panels of lace and passementerie, more exquisite applique work, ribbon work, and, strange but true, there was plenty of bright sequin decoration. Jet appears to score very high in French estimation just now, and a charming lightweight silk called moire messaline shared the honors with more substantial fabrics, while a nice effect in dinner dresses was achieved by the use of pale tinted satin-faced cloth.

The observer carried away with her impressions of several toilets that might be easily called keynotes of fashion. There was a pale-green faced cloth, cut so close in the skirt it was a marvel how any wearer could move in it, and decorated with true love knots done in black lute string ribbon. It had a pointed berthe of heavy cream lace, studded with jets and emeralds, falling about the shoulders, and in the hair was set a bow of wired black velvet ribbon as big as the arms of a miniature Dutch windmill.

A fair specimen of the sort of thing a great lady may wear this winter to the opera is a cape cloak of ivory white satin, falling to the heels and most artistically gauged and trimmed with two enormous flounces of accordion-plaited chiffon, one pink and one blue, and interspersed, at intervals of half a foot, with clusters of sable tails. Endless frills of pink, blue and white chiffon lined the garment, while a great square collar of turquoise blue chiffon reared up about the ears. Hanging ends of thick blue chenille tied this wrap under the chin and then about the waist went a belt of sable two inches wide. This lightly gathered in the fullness of the cape in the middle and under a jeweled clasp the sable ends were drawn.

BOAS AND FANS.

Less extravagant women wear of an evening attractive Monte Carlo capes made of satin or cloth and fastened under the chin with a bouquet of velvet roses. When the cape is doffed at opera or ball a boa is often assumed, and women, who know how to make taste and economy go hand in hand, wear short boas made of pink or blue tulle and downy with big black or white chenille dots. Expensive tulle boas show the tulle accordion plaited and the raw eges finished with the fine white furl of ostrich feathers, stripped from the spine and applied to the tulle by some means known only to Parisian manufacturers.

Last year's ermine and white fox capes can be made as smart as possible by sloping off their fronts and whipping on the inside edges wide full flounces of chiffon or rich real lace. There, by the way, is another of the keynotes of the season. That is trimming furs with masses of lace. Dark and light fur coats and capes are calling for the highest and most reckless bidders, since modest purses stand no shadow of a chance with the seal, sable and broad-tail coats that have revers, collar linings, vests and exterior appliques of the costliest hand-made lace.

DINNER GOWN OF PURPLE VELVET AND WHITE SATIN.

Big fans will not be carried for a season yet, so that the wisest purchase to be made is a dear little Recamier fan. It really is but two inches and a half long and it can most economically be made of a bright brocaded or chined silk, with pearl sticks. The gay flowering of the silk shows on both sides and a genuinely helpful breeze can be raised by one of them. Modish women carry their fans still hung about the neck by a long chain of false pearls or corn beads, and the luxurious fan consists of ten thin sticks on choice blonde shell, beautifully inlaid and strung together by a lute ribbon. This is also of the Recamier size.

Rich evening toilets.

THE WAY THE WIND BLOWS.

The second keynote, for a youngish woman, was plainly struck in a black grenadine that was a fluff of flounces from shoulders to hem, broken only by a belt of flaming rose-colored velvet and a giant bow of the same color of chiffon, caught through a narrow buckle of coral and fastened on the left breast, up near the shoulder. Every flounce of grenadine bore an edging of jet and up in the hair was perched a monster pompon of rosy chiffon.

Another gown, that was calculated to create havoc in the feminine heart, seemed to be the first of the species of which we are likely to see many copies later on. It was a tender blue moire, cut with a glorious train, belted with coral pink passementerie, flounced delicately with a gauze of the same tone and then entirely veiled, from shoulder to foot, in white silk point esprit. The veiling was gathered in rather full just under the trimming about the shoulders of the bodice, and at back and front, floated down unconfined to the floor.

Fantastic bows, mysterious ruffles, and collars made of such airy fripperies as tulle, chiffons and rose petals forms a very important part of the evening stock in beauty. There is apparently an inclination, promising to develop later to the proportions of a craze, for wearing flowers both real and artificial. Some of the foremost leaders of society have adopted the fancy of never appearing in public unless adorned by some favorite and never varid blossom. Smart women will be recognized later at opera or theater by the particular rose, violet or orchid worn. Just as marked as this eccentricity is that of the women who have adopted the lofty Medici collar. Its use with evening dresses is certainly a graceful addition, and some of them are lined with materials of surprising richness.

A FROCK OF VIOLET CHIFFON IN TWO SHADES.

GORGEOUS EVENING WRAPS.

And now to say something on wraps. Evening wraps this season, to be adequately described, require an unusually enthusiastic vocabulary. They are at once gorgeous and fantastic. We have been going steadily backward to the early Victorian period of late and the elegant evening cape is scarcely more than a slavish copy of the quaint but often sadly unbecoming pelerines and paletots of Queen Vic's young days. Modern art has done something, however, toward the improvement of these models, while modern luxury has enriched them with a profusion of tasteful ornament.

No insignificant amount of consideration this autumn has been devoted to the et ceteras of dress. All the best tailor skirts, for instance, are hung on very narrow elastic silk ribbons that stretch to encircle the waist. A jute material has been brought out for the greater protection of the dress hems where they touch the ground. Glove spring fastenings close the packet holes in two places, and by rendering waterproof that part of the basque lining that fits under the arm clumsy dress shields are in many instances done away with. Belt buckles have gone the way of all good fashions, and a woman this fall would as soon think of girding herself with a rope as with a narrow gros-grain ribbon band or a cestus of jewels. About her slender circumference passes a ribbon, five to eight inches wide, and its either end plaited in to fasten to the two halves of a metal clasp that are long and narrow. The wide ribbon draws in close fine folds about the waist and the clasp is of Derby silver or Burmese gold, richly wrought but rarely set with jewels.

Daily the ribbons themselves increase in ornament. They have ruffled and velvet edges, and the last-mentioned decoration is the smartest. They show silk dots or circles of open work and insets of lace, and it is noticeable that sash ribbons have gone down on the bargain counter. Where ribbon bows tie an evening cape, float from a ball dress shoulder, or otherwise cast long ends to the breeze, these ends are most elaborately trimmed. There are series of tiny chiffon ruffles set on, or lace appliqued, or silk dots freely sprinkled, and the consequence is pretty and fluffy to a degree.

A dinner toilet of purple velvet or white satin is suitable for a matured matron and is made sufficiently brilliant by a liberal use of spangled net and butterfly embroidery on the gleaming satin ground.

A violet chiffon in two happily contrasting shades and a pink shirred chiffon, elaborately trimmed with lace and flowers, are both rich and tasteful costumes for a youthful belle. MARY DEAN.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, LUCAS COUNTY, } ss.

Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of Hall's Catarrh Cure.

FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.

{ SEAL } A. W. GLEASON, Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

### Cures for Headache.

Two little blood in the vein is a frequent cause of headache, and may be recognized by the ache being on the top of the head, by constant dizziness and by noises in the ears. The best cure is a slight stimulant, such as strong tea or coffee or hot soup—anything which will increase the circulation, says the Chicago News. People who suffer with these headaches should always sleep with their heads low.

Too much blood in the brain will cause a splitting headache, which is felt all over the head. The face becomes flushed, the temples throb and a strong light or noise will cause excruciating pain. These headaches are felt by people who have too much blood, those who worry by too much study, by too rich or irregular living, or gout. The sufferer is also often afflicted by palpitation and indigestion, and needs to be most careful in diet. Meat should not be eaten more than once a day.

### Catarrh Can Be Cured

By eradicating from the blood the scrofulous taints which cause it. Hood's Sarsaparilla cures catarrh, promptly and permanently, because it strikes at the root of the trouble.

The rich, pure blood which it makes, circulating through the delicate passages of the mucous membrane, soothes and rebuilds the tissues, giving them a tendency to health instead of disease, and ultimately curing the affection.

At the same time Hood's Sarsaparilla strengthens, invigorates and energizes the whole system and makes the debilitated victim of catarrh feel that new life has been imparted.

Do not dally with snuffs, inhalants or other local applications, but take Hood's Sarsaparilla and cure catarrh absolutely and surely by removing the causes which produce it.

### Early Marriages.

The farther south one goes, the earlier one finds marriages take place. A census was taken lately in Algeria, and it was found that the youngest Arab married man was 12 years old, and that there were very many boys who were married at 13 and 14, while some at 15 years of age had several wives. There is a youthful Algerian widower of 15, and a divorced husband of the same age. Girls are still more precocious, and are sometimes married when only 11 years old, though 12 is the more usual age. There are 189 widows of 15, and 1,176 divorcees of the same age.

Boy's Secret Society—Membership Free.

Any boy can join the C. M. A. free. It is the great original and only secret society for boys under 21 years of age. It has grips, signs, passwords, badges, secret emblems, secret language, funny initiations, etc. The society is chartered by law, and has nothing in it to interfere with your religion or politics. Thousands of members everywhere. You can pick them out when you are a member by certain signs, etc. Send your name and the names of several boys you think would like to join. Enclose stamp. Address THE STAR, 131 Marion street, Oak Park, Ill.

### Insect Stings.

The stings of insects, both indoor and outdoor, are often a fruitful source of annoyance. The "liquor ammonia" or a strong solution of bicarbonate of soda or potash is undoubtedly of great use if applied at once. Carbonized oil will allay the pain caused by the stings of bees or wasps. For mosquito or gnat bites the oil of pennyroyal has been found a most efficacious relief and also keeps the insects away on account of its strong smell.

### HOMESEEKERS' EXCURSIONS.

On October 18th, November 1st and 15th and December 6th and 20th, the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway will sell round-trip excursion tickets (good for 21 days) to a great many points in South and North Dakota and other western and southwestern states at practically one fare for the round-trip. Take a trip west and see what an amount of good land can be purchased for very little money. Further information as to rates, routes, prices of farm lands, etc., may be obtained on application to any coupon Ticket Agent or by addressing Geo. H. Heafford, Gen'l Pass. Agent, Old Colony Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

### Assorted Gems.

Crime makes fools of its smartest friends.

He that takes no holiday hastens a long rest.

A quart of whisky contains a keg of gab and a barrel of tears.

Many fortunes have been lost in hunting for an easy job.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25 cents a bottle.

In the Japanese temples there is a large drum used in worship. It is called the kagura-taiko, and it gives a tone much like a gong.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. 25 cents. The genuine has L. B. Q. on each tablet.

The Russian state scepter is of solid gold, three feet long, and contains among its ornaments 268 diamonds, 360 rubies, and fifteen emeralds.

## ON THE PRAIRIE.

### A Tale of Thrilling Adventure and the Saving Strength of Gratitude.

It was early morning in Texas years ago when Harold and Paul and Ruth and "gran'marm" ate a hasty breakfast and then gathered on the veranda for a solemn leave-taking, for Harold was going to San Antonio.

Now a journey to San Antonio in those days was not to be lightly entered upon, for every step of the way was fraught with danger with which they doubted Harold's ability to cope. He was a dear, good, quiet, unselfish fellow at home, but his courage and endurance had never been severely tested. Old colored Jake brought the iron gray General Washington around to the horse block, and Harold kissed his grandmother and Ruth and even Paul, then sprang into the saddle and turned for a last good-by.

"Now, Hal, if war should be declared with Mexico before you come back," Paul began in his teasing way, "or you should chance to fall in love with the Touchewas—"

"He isn't likely to meet them!" cried Ruth in terror.

"I haven't the slightest idea of meeting the cannibals," answered Harold, reassuringly, "for they have never been known to cross my route. And I can't let my only living relative die alone among strangers. Poor old Uncle Levi! He may not live till I get there! Now don't you marry some old Spaniard while I'm gone, Ruthie."

"Not unless you marry some old Mexican," she responded, cheerfully.

And then they saw him ride away and watched him at intervals until he was lost to view in the shadow of a grove miles away. All day Harold rode through the dry grass and flowers, stopping only for a lunch off the provisions Ruth had prepared for him. A short rest at sunset, and he again set forth on his solitary way, for the country he was now entering could only be safely traversed in the night. He could not with prudence whistle or sing, but passed over the level tracts, the starry sky shutting on him like a bell, with every sense painfully alert, listening for the slightest sound of approaching danger, his horse's tread upon the grass appearing frightfully distinct to his strained ear.

But the night wore away at last as even the longest night will and the faint light in the east warned him to hasten for concealment to the nearest grove whose small trees and tangled vines one and one-half acres in area afforded him just the retreat he needed. Relieving his horse of all its burdens excepting the halter he led him among the trees and fastened him securely. Throwing himself on a heap of dried leaves, he slept a dreamless sleep until long past midday. He then arose feeling tired and stiff and led the General to the edge of the wood, where he found a spring, and allowed him to crop the grass that grew close up to the roots of the trees.

Ruth's good things were partaken of sparingly, for when they were exhausted he would be forced to cook his meals from the coffee and Indian meal that he carried in a bag across the saddle. After their repast he led the horse to a sheltered spot, and, plunging deeper into the wood among the vines, he again slept until sunset.

With a brave heart he mounted the General and set out across the prairie, for his life has lost its strangeness and he felt as if he had always passed his nights on horseback and his days in the shadow of a grove. His friends in the settlement appeared like dream people to him, and his early New England home only a name. Nothing was real except the regular tread of his horse, the dusky landscape and the stars around and above him. Sight and hearing were still vigilant, but his heart no longer stood still when a startled bird flew up from the grass as he passed, nor did the buzzing of an insect suggest the yell of an Indian. Finally the silence grew so oppressive that he fancied he would welcome a war whoop, and was many times tempted to scream for the sake of companionship. Nevertheless the second night did not appear as long as the first, although at dawn he gladly looked about him for a wood, and dropped from his saddle in its shade with a great sense of relief.

He had unsaddled his horse and was whispering words of praise to him when he was startled by the whinnying of a horse, and, turning sharply about, he almost stumbled over the prostrate form of a man.

Both pistols were instantly cocked as he glanced about him, expecting to find a party of men, but nothing met his view excepting a Mexican pony that was stretching his halter to rub noses with the General, a bag of provisions and the figure before him—a most degraded specimen of manhood, exhibiting the lowest traits of Mexican, Spaniard and negro.

Harold bent over him for an instant; then, replacing his pistols, he dropped on his knees beside him, holding a withered leaf over his mouth to test whether he had breath enough to stir it. Failing in this, he placed his hand over his heart and satisfied himself that life was not quite gone.

Using all the knowledge that had earned for him the title of doctor in the settlement, with his precious flask and the mustard he had laughed at grandma for putting up, Harold was encouraged at nightfall by his patient being able to move and speak a few words.

At first Harold plied him with questions in English, then bethought himself, and translated them into Spanish, which the man understood better than he was willing to acknowledge, but he would give no account of himself. The sun had hurt his head and he must die was all that he would be explicit about.

"No. I will take care of you, and you shall be as well as ever," answered Harold cheerily, "and as wicked," he added under his breath, for with the pallor gone from his face the man was more repulsive than ever.

"You—go—ride; I—stay—die," said the man faintly.

"No," replied Harold hesitatingly. "I will stay awhile with you—stay till you are better," he continued after a pause, during which head and heart had held a fierce debate. "I will stay until tomorrow night. You will be able to feed yourself by that time."

"I—have—nothing—to—pay—you," said the man uneasily.

"Money couldn't pay me for staying here with you," retorted Harold indignantly.

"Then eat—from my bag—eat fruit—and dried meat—and cakes baked by the women," he said eagerly.

So Harold helped himself from the other's stores and fed him with bits of corncake, and after making his position as comfortable as possible he lay down beside him and slept heavily.

"Why, this is Independence day," was his first thought in the morning. "This is an extraordinary way of spending the day, but a man never knows what he will do next; but I might find worse employment." Then he gave all his attention to his companion.

And all the day, while drums were beating, flags flying, bells ringing, cannon roaring, small boys shouting and men storming or rejoicing over the admission of Texas to the Union, Harold waited on his uncouth charge and attended to the horses in almost unbroken silence.

As the man showed signs of improvement Harold's spirit arose, and his mind had leisure to wander off to all the Independence days he had known since he wore frocks and reveled in six and a quarter cents' worth of gingerbread. Then he thought over the Revolution and the stories his grandmother had told him of her sufferings in both wars. From them he passed to the possible war with Mexico, and as he raised the shaggy head of the sick man and moistened his lips with water he wondered if he were right in sacrificing his time and safety for one who might prove a most cruel enemy to his countrymen. Were it not better to leave him to fate? But fate meant God to Harold, and argue as he would, he could not drown a voice which pleaded, "If thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink." And when night came the man was well enough to sit up. Harold told him he would stay one more night and day with him.

"You understand I have no money? I have nothing to pay?" asked the Mexican in astonishment.

"I don't do it for pay," said Harold hastily. "I do it for the sake of a man who died for me."

"He surely was a Mexican," muttered the other as he turned on his side to sleep.

In the morning the man was able to sit up, at noon he walked a few steps, and at sunset, to Harold's infinite relief, he insisted upon being placed on his pony. So Harold saddled the pony, assisted its rider to mount, and they parted in the dusk at the edge of the wood.

"You save my life. I remember," said the Mexican.

"Then you be kind to the Yankees," returned Harold, and they saw each other no more.

The third night of Harold's journey was spent in thinking over the events of the past few days and in speculating about the unknown uncle he was soon to meet. When the morrow's sun arose, he saw the city in the distance, and at noon was sitting on the veranda beside his uncle's couch telling him all that was in his heart.

The next spring came and Harold was again in the saddle with the stars bending over him and the tender grass and flowers beneath his feet. But he noticed not stars or flowers, for the little home in the settlement filled all his thoughts. He smiled in the darkness—this one night's ride, then no more anxious watching, no more painful listening.

But what was this strange silence? Everything had been perfectly quiet before, but now the silence could be felt.

He drew the rein and turned his head. Instantly the air was rent with yells, and many dark forms sprang from the earth and surrounded him. He grasped his pistols, but they were wrenched from him, and he was dragged to the ground and his arms pinioned behind him.

After the first outcry silence again reigned, and noiselessly they led him to a wood. Here he found that he had missed his way; thoughts of home had confused him, and he had wandered too far to the westward. Without a word they led him to a clear space where a fire was burning low, with women and children gathered around it. A little apart, in lodges of bushes, the forms of several men reclined. Here his guard fell back and the women and children surrounded him, pulling his hair, slapping his face, pinching and biting him until his soul grew faint with longing for death. He never knew how long this continued, for suddenly a man sprang to his side, and drawing a long knife from the back of his neck, flourished it above his head.

"Father in Heaven, save me!" groaned Harold, as everything grew dark around him.

But the knife was still swinging above his head, and the Indians were listening respectfully to an address its owner was making to them. With many grunts of approval they moved farther and farther away from him. Then the knife cut Harold's fetters, and he turned to face his rescuer. It was the same degraded countenance that he had so anxiously watched over nearly a year ago, but now it appeared like the face of an angel.

"You save my life, now I save your life," briefly explained the Mexican. "I am chief of the Touchewas. They do all I tell them. Eat with me, and I will send the young men to show you a short way home."

Sitting down with the chief to partake of the food which the women graciously brought to him, Harold strove hard to show his appreciation of the hospitality, but his throat was so parched and his hands so unsteady that eating was only a pretense.

At the close of the meal Harold's horse was brought his pistols restored his bag filled with food and a basket of trinkets presented to him by the women. Then the young men mounted their horses to act as his escort, and, with widely different feelings from those with which he entered, he followed his guides from the clearing, turning for one shuddering glance at the smoldering fire.

At last his guides pointed out his path and galloped back, leaving him to ride over the beautiful flowers that he might never have seen again. At noon he saw the settlement; then he distinguished the long, low house and Paul leaning over the gate. In five minutes more he had kissed them all again, but it was years before he told them of his adventure with the Touchewas.—Christian Work.

### Wedding Refreshments.

At the wedding reception or a breakfast the forms are very much alike. The bride and groom stand among flowers and greens, to receive congratulations with the bridesmaids at the bride's side, the bride's mother and father receiving near, and the groom's people not far off. The ushers have plenty to do. They must be careful to guard against crowding or confusion, and be alert to act as escorts to the guests. But after the formal part of the reception is over, comes a jolly time. The majority of the guests take their departure when they have given the young couple their good wishes and partaken of refreshments, and only those nearest and dearest to the bride stay. At sit-down repast is now served to the bridal party even if the others have not been served at small tables, but have eaten, sans ceremonie, standing about the room where a large center-table is spread and decorated fittingly for the occasion. Here is a modern wedding repast:

BULLION.

Lobster Newburg. Salmon with mayonnaise. Chicken croquettes.

Creamed sweetbreads and mushrooms.

Sandwiches.

Birds. Jellied game. Salad.

Individual ices. Cake.

Candied fruit. Bonbons. Fruit. Coffee.

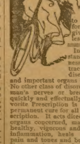
Punch. Frappe. Champagne throughout.

When the bride's cake has been cut, and the wedding feast is over, the young couple disappear for a while to reappear in street dress. Then showered with rice they take flight to the carriage, and amid cheers and shouts, with at least one slipper thrown after them, they roll off and are lost to view. —Harper's Bazar.

### The Retired Burglar.

"When I looked into the dining room of a house that I was in one night," said the retired burglar, "I saw a man sitting in a chair perched upon the dining room table. That seemed a singular place for a man to sit to set, drunk or sober, but I thought I'd have to give him a chance to get tired of settin' there and go to bed before I begun, for if I didn't he might wake up any minute and interrupt things. So I took a seat in a big leather chair in the library, next room, and waited for him to wake up. When I'd waited what I thought was a reasonable time without hearing from him, I looked in again, and there he was, still sittin' there, just the same.

"But this time, even in that light, there was something peculiar about him, and I ventured to turn my own light on him now, and then I saw that it wasn't a man at all, but a suit of clothes, with a hat on top, set up there to dry after being wet in the rain. The man that had worn them had been abed and asleep for hours, but his clothes had served for a scarecrow mighty well, for I'd been settin' there waitin' for 'em to go to bed so long that it was now too late for business."



Now-a-days nearly every woman rides a bicycle. The majority of those who do not, have failed to compass its difficulties because of nervousness. Many women after taking innumerable lessons, and trying vainly to conquer the wheel for weeks, have finally given it up as a hopeless task for this one reason.

In nearly every instance severe nervousness in women may be traced to weakness and disease of the delicate and important organs distinctly feminine. No other class of disorders so torture a woman's nerves or break them down so quickly and effectually. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is a sure, speedy and permanent cure for all troubles of this description. It acts directly on the sensitive organs concerned, making them strong, healthy, vigorous and elastic. It allays inflammation, heals ulceration, soothes pain and tones and builds up the nerves. It stops exhausting drains. It banishes the indispositions that precede maternity and makes baby's advent easy and almost painless. It insures the little new-comer's health and an ample supply of nourishment. It transforms weak, nervous invalids into strong, healthy, nerve-steady women. Thousands have testified to its marvelous merits. An honest dealer will not offer a substitute.

"My wife was troubled with 'female weakness' for several years," writes James Caswell, Esq., of Ochiltree, Johnson Co., Kans. (P. O. Box 61). "She had bearing-down pains and pain in back. Her periods were irregular, she would have fainting spells, the best doctors did her no good. By the time my wife had taken four bottles of the 'Favorite Prescription' she was completely cured. No more pain. Her monthly periods are regular, she is stout and strong. When she commenced taking your medicines she weighed about 115 pounds—now she weighs 160 pounds."

Send 21 one-cent stamps, to cover cost of mailing only, to the World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y., for a paper-covered copy of Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser;—Cloth binding ten cents extra. A whole medical library in one 1000-page volume.

Agents Wanted Page 7

DO YOU LOVE STORIES? I HAVE A PAPER that contains FASCINATING STORIES and much else of interest. A sample copy sent FREE. Send me your address on a postal card. William A. Martin, N. W., 100 Nassau St., New York.

When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

Only Thirty and Gray

How is this?

Perhaps sleepless nights caused it, or grief, or sickness, or perhaps it was care.

No matter what the cause, you cannot wish to look old at thirty.

Gray hair is starved hair. The hair bulbs have been deprived of proper food or proper nerve force.

Ayer's Hair Vigor

Increases the circulation in the scalp, gives more power to the nerves, supplies missing elements to the hair bulbs.

Used according to directions, gray hair begins to show color in a few days. Soon it has all the softness and richness of youth and the color of early life returns.

Would you like our book on the Hair? We will gladly send it to you.

Write us!

If you do not obtain all the benefits you expected from the Vigor, write the doctor about it. He may be able to suggest something of value to you. Address, Dr. J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.

Agents Wanted Page 7

A SIMPLE CATARRH CURE

I have spent nearly fifty years in the treatment of Catarrh, and have effected more cures than any specialist in the history of medicine. As I must soon retire from active life, I will, from this time on, send the means of treatment and cure as used in my practice, Free and post-paid to every reader of this paper who suffers from this loathsome, dangerous and disgusting disease. This is a sincere offer which anyone is free to accept. Address, PROFESSOR J. A. Lawrence, 114 West 32d St., New York.

When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

FREE

Let us send you a Free Trial Package of pleasant and harmless medicine that will go right to the spot and quickly cure you of Constipation, Sick Headache, Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Kidney Troubles, Liver Complaint, Rheumatism and all Blood Diseases. It cures nine people out of ten. Address EGYPTIAN DRUG CO., Form 16 B., N. Y.

When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

FITS A Great Remedy Discovered. Send for a FREE package and let it speak for itself. Postage 5c. DR. S. PERKEY, Chicago, Ills.

When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

MARRY! Best Plan Out. Send 10c. for blanks. Dart Publishing Co., Minneapolis, Minn.

When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

CHILDBIRTH MADE EASY!

When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

TWO SUPREME VALUES.

No. 117. Ladies' 24 in. Jacket of finest black boucle cloth, lined throughout, inlaid velvet collar. Our price only . . $5.00.

No. 421. Magnificent 30 in. Plush Cape of best silk seal plush, elaborately trimmed as shown, well lined; worth fully $10.00. Only . . . . . . $5.00.

Our 62 page Catalogue No. 26 is free for the asking. You should write for it.

We send all goods subject to customers' approval.

EDWARD B. GROSSMAN & Co.

170-172 STATE ST. CHICAGO.

THE GREAT MAIL-ORDER CLOAK-HOUSE.

When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

RINGS FREE.

No. 1. No. 2. No. 3. No. 4. No. 5. No. 6.

We give every reader of this paper the choice of these six beautiful rings FREE. Address, BOYCE'S MONTHLY, Dept. B., Boyce Building, Chicago, Ill.

When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

A schoolgirl who wants to stand well in the class must do a great deal of hard study. This hard study may brighten the mind temporarily, but has a contrary effect upon the body. The mind can't remain bright very long if one's health is undermined. A schoolgirl who tried Ripans Tabules found them an excellent remedy to stimulate the overtaxed system of the student. She says: "They are my stand-by. I have been wonderfully benefited by them. I could not keep on with my studies were it not for Ripans Tabules. I tell all my friends so, that they may be benefited as I have been."

When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger. When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

Repeater 300 Shot Air Rifle and BOYCE'S MONTHLY, one year for 98c

BOYCE'S MONTHLY, Rifle Dept., Boyce Building, Chicago.

When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger. When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

"THE MORE YOU SAY THE LESS PEOPLE REMEMBER." ONE WORD WITH YOU

SAPOLIO

# THE CHICAGO LEDGER

26 YEARS OLD.

Published Every Wednesday

—BY—

W. D. BOYCE CO.

All communications should be addressed to

THE CHICAGO LEDGER,

112, 114 DEARBORN ST.,

Chicago, Illinois.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

One Copy One Year . . . . . [illegible]
One Copy Six Months . . . . . [illegible]

(IN ADVANCE.)

Remittances should be made by Bank Draft, Registered Letter, Post Office or Express Money Order, payable to THE CHICAGO LEDGER.

One Dollar must be added to all foreign yearly subscriptions to pay postage.

For Sale by Newsdealers, Postmasters and Subscription Agents.

Entered at the Post Office at Chicago, Illinois, as Second-class matter.

BACK NUMBERS.

Back numbers of the LEDGER can be had by addressing this office. Always give the numbers desired, plainly written, accompanied by your full address, and your order will receive prompt attention. Price 5 cents per copy.

BEWARE OF STRANGERS.

THE LEDGER employs no traveling agents to solicit subscriptions, and every person working in that capacity is a fraud. No person is authorized to take subscriptions for THE LEDGER unless he or she be well known in the city or village where they have been appointed agents to sell the paper every week. A liberal reward will be paid for evidence that will enable us to arrest and convict such persons as are now travelling from town to town in different sections of this country, claiming to be agents of THE LEDGER and thereby defrauding the people. Beware of strangers.


[illegible]

In justice to an author who has been wronged the editor wishes to state that the admirable story entitled "Mrs. Dobson's Ghost," which appeared in the October 1 number of the Ledger, was not written by John Tracy Jones, whose name appears as the author, but by Mr. George K. Foster, editor of the Ithaca Democrat, Ithaca, New York. The story first appeared in The Home and Country magazine, to which periodical Mr. Foster sold it. Mr. Jones appropriated it from the pages of the magazine before named and gave it to the Ledger as a story from his own pen. The Ledger was imposed upon and Mr. Foster was done a grave injustice which the Ledger, in as far as it can, is glad to rectify. While Mr. Foster is so well and favorably known as a writer that the theft of a single piece of his work might not seem a loss to him, yet the Ledger wishes him to receive the full credit for the story in question, since he is its true author.

The gentlemen who are assassinating the Chinese emperor are in danger of overdoing the business.

After reading the speeches of the political orators one is forced to the conclusion that they talk ragtime.

A German has invented a thimble for piano players. Still people wonder at the increase of life's discomforts.

Tanner, the American negro painter, who has one picture in the Paris saloon and another in Luxembourg, is the son of Bishop Tanner.

The German Empress, who is very fond of [illegible] having the idea [illegible] her majesty will probably cruise with her children in the Baltic next year.

Statistics show that there are fewer suicides among miners than any other class of workmen. The miners doubtless count on being shot sooner or later, anyway.

A noise no louder than a dog's bark can be heard by balloonists four miles above the earth. During a campaign balloonists must have to wear a diver's helmet to prevent deafness.

A new pad for surgical purposes is formed of the pith of cornstalks, with the fibers removed, covered with loosely woven absorbent fabric, the pith being made fine and acting as a cushion and absorbent.

Snow drifts can be removed from railroad tracks by a new apparatus which has a metal wedge mounted on a carriage in front of the engine, to be heated by oil burners and melt its way if it becomes stalled.

That Belvidere man who says he has "invented from milk a substitute which will supplant eggs in every particular" may mean well, but when we want a fried spring chicken we shall place our order somewhere else.

Hobson now thinks he can raise the Vizcaya also. If the "hero of the Merrimac" keeps up this gait much longer he will wholly eclipse that Merrimac incident and take his place in history as a raiser and not as a sinker.

Up to date the war with Spain has cost the United States $[illegible]. This sum, of course, does not include the damage done to the feelings of the anti-expansionists, who are afraid the United States will demand some reparation.

In order to prevent the photographing of the written matter contained in a closed envelope by means of X-rays the inside of the envelope is covered with a coating of metallic pigment or other suitable substance, which is opaque to the rays.

Wood pulp is used in the manufacture of blocks for use in buildings, a mixture of the pulp and plaster being poured into moulds to set, after which the edges are roughened to make the mortar adhere. This material can be nailed or cut with a saw.

According to a Berlin correspondent of a leading Belgian paper, Prince Bismarck, who died so rich, was far from being a liberal man. His name was never seen in the list of charitable donations, and now his old valet, Pinnow, has come to Berlin to seek a situation, as the [illegible] left him by the prince cannot support him. It is said that Doctor Schweninger refused his fees, but such a patient probably brought him thousands.

It has always been a moot point whether or not a woman is justified in repairing the ravages and omissions of nature. A woman's first duty, we have been told again and again, is to look well, if not actually beautiful, and this end is held by many to justify most, if not all means. Recently one bold man actually went so far as to say in print that he had urged his wife to "improve herself" and that he had, furthermore, considered it every woman's plain duty to heighten her charms.

## TO HANS ANDERSON'S SWAN.

Swan of the North! who fliest afar
Where the deep, dark woods of the fir trees are,
Wing your flight o'er the boundless sea,
Beat with your wings strains of liberty,
And call, as you us'd, from their hidden home,
For the heroes and noble women to come.

Swan of the North! in the days of old
Your pinions glided o'er harps of gold,
And the beech trees rustled, the fir trees bent,
As home to your nest 'twixt the seas you went,
Where the callow young to defend it stand,
The home of the Swan in the sea-girt land.

Swan of the North! the world is shaking
Tempests are lowering—a storm is breaking,
Come on the wing of the north wind born,
Shed new light on a risen morn,
Bid chivalry, honor and love come forth,
With thy cry o'er the forests, O Swan of the North!

## MISSED HIS CHANCE.

### How Jack Brigham Went to a Train Collision and What He Found.

BY HARLEY C. PIERSON.

"You are working too hard, old man," said Jack Brigham's friends, one after another, as they saw his ruddy cheeks turn pale, his springy, elastic tread become dull and dragging, and heard less and less often his cherry if not exactly tuneful whistle.

But to all their good advice and earnest protests, Jack turned a deaf ear, smiled a little, and kept at his tasks the steadier.

None of his friends properly appreciated Jack's unusual devotion to labor, for none of them knew of its incentive—that he was in love. She was a dainty little thing, always admired by men and rather looked down upon and at the same time envied by her own sex; at home the pet of her parents and in society an imperious and exacting young belle. Just the kind of girl, in short, with whom it was the height of folly for Jack to be in love, and consequently the object of the most ardent adoration on his part.

Preserving a measure of clear-headedness even in his worship, Jack plainly realized that as the head of a household where economy was necessary his idol would prove a melancholy failure. Resolving, therefore, to earn money enough to prevent me from worrying as to ways and means, he worked early and late, steadily and hopefully. The copy he turned out was good in spite of its volume; his regular salary from his paper increased, together with his duties, and his income from outside work reached an astonishing figure.

Still, the money did not come fast enough to suit the impatient lover, who thereupon began to worry and fret. Now the man who works with his brain sixteen hours a day and worries and frets in addition, has not a long career of usefulness before him, be his motives what they may.

Jack's eyes gave way first. Specks and blurs floated in them and through them cramped pains that drew his head down on his folded arms in spite of himself. His feet and hands grew heavy, as if his blood had turned to lead. Six months before he had gone up or down the office stairs in three jumps. Now they seemed to grow longer each day and often he stopped halfway with a queer little catch in his side. Presently the pain that gnawed at the back of his eyeballs refused to yield even to sleep. Then Jack grew afraid, but he did not let his fear keep him from his work.

He was not sure of himself in those days and adopted the precaution of reading over aloud whatever of importance he had written. One day it came about that as he read his tongue seemed suddenly swollen and useless, and he could not utter the words his mind framed. He turned to his typewriter and placed, as he thought, the heading he desired on the article he had written but could not read.

When the foreman in the composing room saw "The Love of Ethel" introducing a column of interviews on the tariff, he laughed at first, and then, remembering Jack's looks of late, grew grave. Soon he made a pretext of consulting Jack—but not about the tariff article—and saw in a moment that the mischief was not caused by whisky.

Soon the managing editor came and Jack was led away to a cab, babbling thickly as he went of Ethel, his work and the money he had saved; money that proved a godsend in the long months that followed. For Jack was an orphan, his friends were careless, happy-go-lucky Bohemians, and brain fever is an all that demands the most skillful of physicians and the most careful of nurses for its conquerors. So when Jack came to himself again, very pale and thin and quiet, he knew that his precious store must be drained low.

That troubled him little, however, compared with his torturing doubt of Ethel. Why did not he hear from her? Why did not she come to him now that he was so much better? The kindly doctor had noticed Jack's trouble; by a quiet inquiry had discovered what probably lay at the bottom of it, and so had an answer ready for Jack when the latter screwed up his courage to ask for Ethel. She had been as ill as he, they told him, and like him was now slowly but surely recovering. And Jack must not worry about her in the least, for the doctor would bring him news from her every day.

So Jack kept obediently quiet among his pillows, listening intently for the doctor's step, and flushing like a girl when the news was good, as, somehow, it always was. One day the brown-eyed nurse brought him a great bunch of roses, bought at the price of her week's salary, and told him that Ethel had sent them. When she saw how Jack buried his face in the roses and kissed their petals lingeringly, as if they were Ethel's lips, a wave of angry hate surged in the nurse's heart for the girl who could play with such a love, forget it, and forsake it. The wave, receding, left its traces in the trembling of the cool white hands that smoothed so deftly his hot pillows and brushed so gently his thick, wavy hair.

But not a word escaped her lips, and Jack's evil day might have been put off indefinitely had it not been for Evans, the blunderer. When Jack grew well enough to see his friends for a few minutes at a time Evans was one of the first to call, and with his usual ill luck plunged directly into condolence. Jack did not quite understand at first, but Evans, floundering ahead, soon made it clear to the invalid that Ethel had not been ill; but that, on the contrary, while the issue of his illness had been still doubtful, she had thrown him over and had announced her engagement to another.

After that Jack went back into the valley of the shadow of death and knocked at the very gates of death. But the doctor and the nurse, working desperately together, pulled him away and led him back into a gray sort of lightless life. Whereat he was not so grateful as he ought to have been. And when he found that he must get well, whether he would or no, he announced that he was going back to work at once. The doctor remonstrated, commanded, begged, in vain, and the shy pleadings of the nurse had no effect.

Back he crept to his old haunts, a thin, pale ghost of his former self. The young fellows who were doing his work looked at him with a pity that was akin to fear and asked themselves: "Shall we, too, come to that?" For they thought that work had caused his illness, and that illness had made him what he was.

His old desk had long since been in the possession of another, but the proprietor, when Jack asked for a place, gave orders at once that he should be employed at whatever he was able to do. The managing editor, eyeing him dubiously, but recalling the brilliance that had once been his, turned him over to the city editor. And the city editor, whom Jack had instructed in the rudiments, did not forget the debt he owed, but placed "Bingham" opposite the easiest assignment on his book until the staff would have risen in open revolt had the object of this favoritism been any one else.

As it was, Jack himself was the first to complain. Banquets and balls, receptions and races, lectures, sermons and interviews, quickly cloyed the appetite of the newspaper man who had been used to the strong meat of journalism for his daily diet.

"Give me something with blood in it," Jack said to the city editor one day. "I'm tired of this woman's work. When I was on earth before they were not afraid to send me out after big stories once in a while."

"It's for you we're afraid and not for the story, Jack, and you know it," expostulated the man on the city desk. "Even the Kid believes that no man on the paper can work up a sensation with you. But you're not strong enough yet for a rough job, Jack. Look in the glass and see for yourself. Just take it easy for a while longer, old man, and trust us to work you hard enough by and by to make up."

The "story with blood in it" came sooner than any one expected. The very next night Jack chanced to be alone in the reporter's room when the city editor came to the door of his little private den and cast a worried glance around.

"No one else here, Jack?" he asked. "Then you will have to go. I hate to send you, for it's a hard trip, but we'll help you out all we can. They have just telephoned me from the union station that there's a big smash at Mad River. A wreck train will go out in ten minutes. Catch it on your life. Rush in a first story for an extra and then plan to do the introduction for the later editions. I'll get more men out to you and you can lay out the work for them. You know what to do better than I can tell you. There's a cab at the door. And for God's sake, take as much care of yourself as you can."

Before the last words were out of the city editor's mouth Jack was half way down the stairs, pulling on his overcoat as he went. His nerves were tingling with that subtle elation of conflict which newspaper men know as well as do soldiers on the verge of battle and sportsmen in sight of big game. He whistled under his breath as the nighthawk cab jolted and bounced him over the stones to the station, and when no other reporter appeared to claim a place on the wreck train he even hummed a tune, something he had not done for months.

As the train rushed along through the night Jack learned all that the railroad men could tell him of the disaster. An extra freight and a through express had collided on a curved embankment which skirted the banks of a river. In the strong light of a summer day the landscape was a picture of beauty; the long sweep of the black tracks through the green valley and by their side the clear water of the stream rippling over bright, yellow sands.

The scene Jack looked upon that winter's night was as fascinating in its weird horror as was that of summer in its vivid coloring. Out of a clouded sky the moon struggled in vain to pierce the heavy snow-laden darkness. Upon the track and tumbled on either side engines and cars were piled in huge, formless heaps. Stifled shrieks and screams sounded from the depths of the black masses. Here and there the gleaming lanterns of the train men darted like will-o'-the-wisps, frequently converging upon one point where lay a torch-guarded row of the dead.

Suddenly, while Jack strained his eyes to pierce the gloom, a little tongue of flame leaped into the darkness.

"My God! The wreck's afire!" cried the railroad man at his side, and there came as if in answer from the chaos a shrill cry of torture.

The fire, leaping from point to point, licked greedily at the dry wood of the splintered cars, and again the piercing shriek made Jack shiver in spite of himself.

Clambering over the mass of wreckage in the direction from which the screams seemed to come, he found, almost at the bottom of the great pile, a woman, saved from instant death by a freak of fate, but pinned down and cramped until movement was impossible. She had swooned at the crash of the collision, apparently, and had been brought back to consciousness by the heat of the advancing flames.

One glance and Jack knew the face.

"Ethel!"

He reeled as he cried the name, and the woman shrank back even towards death at the sound of his voice. In a moment the weakness passed and he attacked the imprisoning pile. Help came from all directions and slowly a way of escape was opened.

But the flames swept swiftly on, scorching the girl's delicate flesh, charring her golden hair and dragging from her shrieks of pain that tore the hearts of those who heard them. Jack's feverish strength increased with each recurring cry, and he pulled and lifted with a power that amazed his helpers and himself.

At last he reached her, held her in his arms for a single moment, then passed her back to willing hands. On the instant a piece of iron, its supports burned away, dropped from the overhanging pile and felled him in his tracks. They thought he was dead when, senseless, he was rescued. But presently, in an improvised farm house hospital, he came back to consciousness to find a flood of pale-gold hair covering his face, to feel the warm kiss of full lips on his bloodless ones and to hear a sweet voice say:

"Jack! My Jack! It is Ethel! Don't you know me?"

If Jack had been physically stronger, perhaps the barriers which long months of bitter contempt had raised would not have been so easily swept away. But as it was, he whispered, "My darling," and raised one arm weakly to fold about her neck. Afterwards he was very glad that he did, for the truth came out little by little; he learned that the fault was not Ethel's, but her matchmaking mamma's, and that in the girl's own heart he had never been supplanted.

It was some months later, when Jack returned, hale and hearty, and with new hope in his soul, to his work, that the city editor said:

"Too bad you had to miss your chance at the Mad River wreck, old man!"

"Chance? What chance?" asked Jack, bewildered.

"Why, don't you remember that you were the only newspaper man on the spot? If you hadn't got knocked out we should have had the scoop of the year."

"By Jove! That's so," said Jack, regretfully. "And I had quite forgotten it."

At about the same time the doctor was saying to the brown-eyed nurse:

"What a chance Bingham missed."

"Chance for what?" she asked.

"For getting even with that girl, of course. Instead of forgiving and forgetting, he ought to have turned his back on her and married you. He owed a great deal to you and he knew it."

The nurse moved quickly away, but not until the doctor had seen that the brown eyes filled with tears at his words. He had learned what he wished to know, but there was a pain in his own heart because of it.

"Jack she said, my Jack! it is Ethel."


# SAVED THE SOLDIERS!

## Who Used Paine's Celery Compound Did Not Suffer From Fever.

The soldiers who did the most good were those who kept well.

There were plenty of brave men who were of little use when the time came, because they took less care of their health than they did of their muskets.

Malaria and other fevers soon picked out these men much more unerringly than the enemy's sharpshooters.

One set of men went about keeping well in a businesslike way. They took Paine's celery compound at the first indications of intestinal troubles, weakness or when fatigued and liable to fevers. They used Paine's celery compound to purify their blood and put their health on a firm basis as soon as they made up their minds to join the service.

Corporal Beckwith thinks there was a great deal of needless sickness among the volunteers. At Chickamauga many of his mess mates followed his example and fortified themselves against disease by Paine's celery compound, and not a man of them had malaria or fever of any sort or spent a day in the hospital.

Corporal Beckwith writes:

Camp Olympia, Essex Junction, Vt.
Sept. 17, 1898.

Wells & Richardson Co., Burlington, Vt.:

Dear Sirs—When I see so many of my poor comrades coming home looking fit only for a hospital cot, I give thanks to Paine's celery compound for the fact that I went through my enlistment without any doctor's medicine, and am today even healthier than when I went to Chickamauga. I firmly believe that this good health is due to my using Paine's celery compound last winter and spring, which made my blood pure and nerves strong to resist malaria and keep me well. Very truly yours,

CORPORAL JAMES O. BECKWITH.
Company M, First Vermont Volunteer Infantry.

Secretary of War Stanton used to say that the best definition of rest is a change of occupation. That may be true for one in health, but a sick person needs to have his digestion regulated, his blood purified, and his nerves invigorated. Paine's celery compound brings the sort of rest the sick body requires through sleep and nourishment.

Just as the great lawyer studies each one of his cases till he knows it on every side and in every possible aspect, so Professor Edward E. Phelps, M. D., LL. D., of Dartmouth College, the discoverer of Paine's celery compound, had studied the nerves in health and disease, when well nourished and when under-nourished, in men and women and children years before he looked for the remedy. Paine's celery compound was the outcome of his entire professional life. A fitting memorial to a life of hard study and close observation—a remedy that the world could not lose today, at any price!

Paine's celery compound calms and equalizes all the nervous tissues and induces the body to take on solid flesh. It purifies the blood, as is so clearly shown by the rapid clearing of the skin of all evidences of bad humors within. It is an infallible relief for salt rheum, eczema, and all blood diseases.


## AVENGED BY A SERPENT.

### A Strange Story of Perfidy Punished and Happiness Attained.

I.

When I got Sir George's letter telling me that all was now ready for our reception and we were to come at once I was delighted. Within a week we—mother and I—were on our way out, and in about three weeks' time found ourselves between the swampy shores of the Essequibo, nearing Georgetown, where on the quay the dear fellow was waiting to take us up to his home he had made for us on the plantation.

George Haden and I had met a year before during his visit to the old country, and the big, quiet, sun-burned man and I, who tell this story, had fallen in love with one another almost at first sight.

We were to have been married before he returned to Guiana, but he was recalled suddenly by the death of his only brother at Rio, and it was arranged I should follow later with mother.

You can—or, rather, you can't—imagine how delighted I was to see my sweetheart again. But I was startled and a good deal troubled by his apeparance; he looked thin and worried. At first I put it down to his grief at Harry's death; but later, after our quiet wedding, on the way to my future home, I gathered by degrees there was more than that.

His brother Harry had married a Spaniard—a beautiful woman—who had died nearly eighteen years before, leaving him with one daughter, Teresa. It was chiefly on the girl's account that George had hurried back, and he had mentioned in writing to me that he had brought her up from Rio to stay with him in Guiana until other arrangements could be made. Since then I had heard little of her, and almost, indeed, in my own happiness and excitement, forgotten her very existence.

Now, my questions elicited from George that she was not a pleasant-tempered young woman, or easy to get on with, but my worst anticipation did not touch the reality.

We came up the river in a small steamer, which dropped us at my husband's very wharf, and we three walked up a slope through a wonderful tropical garden to where a long, white-washed green-shuttered house shone clean and bright in the evening sun.

On the veranda stood a tall figure in a pale yellow gown, her black hair crowned with crimson hibiscus. A splendidly handsome woman!

She looked at me in a half-disdainful way.

"So you're my new aunt?" she said, casually. "And how do you do, Uncle George?"

Her calm assumption of superiority was unbearable. George—big, steady, good-tempered man that he was—flushed with anger.

He whispered to me:

"Never mind, my dear. She knows no better, and it won't be for long."

But it was longer than we reckoned. She was to have been sent to her godmother, who lived in Madrid. But the old lady was ill, and begged us to keep the girl a while longer.

It was trying to a degree, and each day got worse and worse. Teresa's temper was something unbearable, and her general lack of manners only equaled by her sweetness when there was anything to be gained by it. Still, for my husband's sake, I bore with her.

Toward the end of the cool weather our old English overseer died, and, as a stop gap, George took on a young Spanish-American, Ramon Martinez.

Ramon was a smart-looking fellow, but there was something in his black eyes which repelled me. I always felt a shrinking repulsion for the man, and George didn't care much for him. Still, it was necessary to have someone who understood the sugar, and men who knew anything were so scarce you could not pick and choose.

Teresa, who loved the cheap gayeties of Rio, had been simply bored to death all the winter. Ramon was a godsend to her, and the two used to chat in Spanish every evening over their coffee on the veranda.

Sometimes I blame myself for letting them be so much together, but, to tell the truth, the relief of getting rid of her for even an hour or two was very great. And how could I know what a scoundrel the man was, or what unspeakable wickedness those two were brewing together.

And now I must pass over the events of the next ten months and tell you what happened on that dreadful day which so nearly proved fatal to all my happiness?

Old Juan, a half-caste Indian employe on the place, came up that morning wanting to see my husband. They talked for a time, and then I saw George go out with a gun on his shoulder. He saw me at the window and called out something, but I could not hear what he said.

He was a keen collector, and I supposed it was some rare bird or beast he was after.

The day passed, and the short tropical twilight was closing over the forest when I saw George returning. He was followed by two negroes, who slowly dragged some long, heavy object up the path to the house. This they pulled along, trailing it in the dust, round to the south end of the house, where George's so-called study—really a sort of museum—opened by two French windows on the law.

II.

I was dressed for 8 o'clock dinner, so did not go out. Soon I heard Geroge's long stride pass upstairs by my door to his dressing room, which lay beyond my room at the extreme north end of the house.

To make you understand what followed, I must partly explain how the house was built. It was from north to south, long and narrow, with a veranda all the way round. A wide hall ran through from east to west, and a long narrow one from north to south. The dining room at the north end, under my room; George's study at the south, under the room Teresa occupied. There were two staircases, one at each end of the house. A couple of hundred yards away, higher up the slope at the back of the house, was the cottage where Martinez lived. He, Martinez, generally dined with us, and was to have done so this night.

Now, so far as I know, and judging from what we made out afterward from letters we discovered in the cottage and in Teresa's room, that is what brought about the tragedy that followed.

Ramon must long before this have made up his mind to marry Teresa. Her small fortune was an irresistible bait to the indolent southerner. The only thing that troubled him was that she was not of age for another three years, and George was her guardian and sole trustee. He knew well enough what George would say or do if he once heard of his pretensions. With a man of Ramon's type—absolutely conscienceless—the next idea was simply to get George out of the way. Once get rid of the uncle, and what was there to hinder his making off with Teresa and her money?

Undoubtedly he instilled these ideas into Teresa's mind, and she, her sullen temper already aflame at the hint of opposition, was soon ripe for any mischief. Whether this precious pair had already concocted any definite plan I don't know, but that they were only waiting a chance what follows proves.

On this particular evening Teresa had dressed earlier and gone down. For some reason, I don't know what, she went to the study and opened the door. A French window was open, and in the moonlight which had already succeeded the dusk she caught sight of something moving through it, undulating in rustling coils up from the grass beyond.

Terrified, she closed the door and stood an instant panting with fright. What was it?

Suddenly it flashed across her. She had just before seen from her window the men bringing in her uncle's spoil, a great anaconda, or water-boa, the largest and most powerful constrictor in the world. This was its mate. Her chance had come. Always, before dinner, her uncle would go to his room to fetch the cigar he lit immediately dinner was over. He would go once more—for the last time.

How I can imagine her stealing quietly away from the door back with stealthy footsteps up the stairs to her room and sitting there watching the clock, counting every moment till the gong should summon her uncle to his fate behind that closed door.

Closer and closer crept the hands to 8 o'clock, and still she sat and watched.

Suddenly, in the hall below, sounded footsteps across the polished boards. Unnaturally loud they seemed as they passed slowly down the passage beneath. There was the sound of a turning latch, an instant's pause, and then—one long, horrible sound, half shriek, half yell, which grew shriller, then muffled, and then abruptly ceased.

That shriek I heard with almost equal distinctness away at the other end of the house. To this day I can sometimes hear it, and it comes back to me in dreadful dreams.

I heard my husband rush from his room and his flying feet down the stairway. Other sounds I heard—cries of terror and alarm, hurrying footsteps and slamming of doors. Then I summoned strength to follow. As I ran through the hall two shots rang out in quick succession. A frightened pounding, like a dozen sledge hammers going at once, ensued; and next I heard a scream of maniacal laughter, and Teresa rushed by me and out into the night.

The next thing I remember is George's voice in tones of strong command:

"Keep back, Marian!" he called; "it is no fit sight for you."

III.

I stood there in the middle of the passage, while round the open study stood a little knot of our black servants. Their faces were ashen with terror, and the whites of their eyes goggled horribly. A thin smoke floated out of the room, and the keen smell of gunpowder filled the air. The throbbing beat had almost ceased, and George passed into the room, while I staggered back, and, sinking into a chair in the hall, fainted dead away.

I need hardly explain what had happened. The wretched Ramon had come in earlier than usual to dinner; had, contrary to his usual custom, gone to the study, evidently to leave the passbook for the day, and had walked straight into a trap set for another. Those horrible coils had crushed him to death long before even George could reach the spot; while the great snake, in its terrible death agonies, had rent the wretch's body in a shocking way, leaving it an unrecognizable mass.

That was what Teresa had seen. The shock had no doubt crazed her. When she ran out she went straight to the river; at least we suppose so, for we never saw anything of her again. There are alligators in those waters.

Since then my husband and I have forgotten the tragedy. We are very happy alone together in our sunny tropic home.—Answers.

### Multum in Parvo.

There are 17,000,000 comets.
Hawaii has 24,000 Japanese.
Chicago Swiss held a picnic.
Greece's King talks English.
Boston has a Gaelic school.
Arizona wells yield hot water.
There are 400,000,000 Chinese.
Fencing makes women graceful.
Samoa's King gets $150 a month.
Greece has a 110-year-old woman.
French women don't wear corsets.
Leo XIII. is an expert chess player.
British Empire embraces 2,000 rivers.
A Bryan picnic was held at Cleveland.
Tigers along the Amoor river eat men.
'Frisco has an anti-civil service league.
'Frisco has two Chinese weekly papers.
Moslems must not drink wine or spirits.
In France Orleanists wear white daisies.
Earthquakes have killed 13,000,000 people.
Cameron, Mo., has a four-legged chicken.
Meals are given poor Paris school children.
Baltimoreans want a $1,500,000 water filter.
The egg is currency in South Africa's interior.
Glastone's coffin was made by the village carpenter.
Russian railroad trains have smoking cars for ladies.
An ossified man was stolen from Omaha's dime museum.
Siam's King has a body guard of 400 female warriors.
Switzerland has a deaf and dumb Salvation Army corps.
Milwaukee's Polish paper has bolted the democratic ticket.
In every million people in the world there are 800 blind.

## GRANDMOTHER'S CHEST.

BY HARRIET ESTHER WARNER.

There's a chest in the dim old garret, wrapped in a pall of dust
And curtained with dainty cobwebs that cover the signs of rust;
'Tis grandmother's sacred heirloom, and there, untouched, it stands
Since over her peaceful bosom she folded her wrinkled hands.

And now they were going to search it—Myrtle and beautiful May,
In quest of some quaint old garment to wear in a mimic play,
So they shattered the dainty cobwebs, and scattered the piles of dust,
And turned the key in the ancient lock, that creaked with the grains of rust.

But thoughts of theatricals ended as they lifted the heavy lid,
And gazed on the wonderful treasures that through the long years had been hid;
And the mirth of the girlish voices was changed to a smothered sigh,
As fancy wreathed each relic with the halo of years gone by.

They found a package of letters, faded, and worn, and old,
And among them softly nestled a curl of shining gold;
And the dainty ribbon that bound them was a lover's knot of blue
That meekly whispered the story so old yet always new.

And here was the crape and illusion lying side by side—
This for the harrowing widow, and that for the blooming bride—
One kissed the golden tresses—one clung to the silvered hair.
Each tells its sacred story lying in silence there.

And they found a golden circlet close by the veil of snow
That was given with love-pure kisses in the misty long ago.
But the hands that wore it are silent, and the passionate heart is still
That throbbed 'neath orange-blossoms at the whispered words—"I will!"

And there was a baby's slipper, worn at the dainty toe,
And embalmed with tears and kisses rained on it long ago—
There were toys and tiny garments, and one soft, silken curl,
And a cross of faded lilies with the name of the baby girl.

And they found two old-time paintings, that both hearts knew full well,
Of grandmother's fair twin daughters, Bertha and beautiful Belle;
Alike, yet oh! how different are the faces fair they view,
For each had a story written in the beautiful eyes of blue.

Belle was a fair queen lily, with drapings of satin and lace,
And the pearls at her throat no whiter than the hue of her beautiful face;
Her fair hands were laden with jewels, and gems in her golden hair,
But the blue eyes, ah, there was the story of anguish and utter despair!

And the picture of dear little Bertha had roses in place of the pearls,
And her dimpled cheeks vied with the flowers, and sunshine seemed caught in her curls;
And the blue eyes were peaceful and tender, and sweet is the story they tell,
For true love was given to Bertha, and honor and homage to Belle.

There, too, was a letter from Willie, the darling first born son,
That was written beside the camp-fire after the battle was done—
'Twas a letter of hope to mother, with a prayer for the cause of right,
For Willie would lead the army on the morrow's desperate fight.

That letter told half a story; and here was the other part—
That hard-earned badge dyed crimson with the blood of his loyal heart!
He had worn it but once in battle, when bravely he fell at his post,
And the badge was brought home by a comrade to her who had loved him most.

And they found a queer, [illegible] that grandmother used to wear,
With the tresses of raven and silver she clipped from grandfather's hair;
But the quaint, old-fashioned treasures were all too sacred for play,
For a joy or a grief blended with all that was hid away.

And while in sober silence they searched the old chest through,
Grief crept to the haughty dark eyes and tears to the eyes of blue;
With a sob and a stifled murmur, they closed the ancient chest,
And the relics, like her who prized them, were left in peace to rest.

### A Nation Without Nerves.

The Chinaman can write all day, he can work all day, he can stand for a whole day in one position, weaving, hammering gold, or cutting ivory, without once being attacked by nervousness.

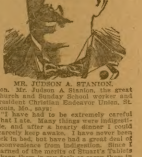
This peculiarity makes itself apparent in early youth. The Chinaman can bear any kind of bodily exercise. Sport and play are to him unnecessary labor.

He can sleep anywhere and in any position—amid thundering machines, deafening noises, the cry of children or the wrangle of grown people; on the ground, in bed, or on a chair. In his own innocent way the Chinaman is almost a Sybarite.


# STARVING

## In the Midst of Plenty.

That's what people with poor digestion are doing every day. They have no appetite or if they do have an appetite and eat what they require it does them no good, because the stomach does not digest it and the fermenting mass of food becomes a source of disease, of headache, sleeplessness, languor, and the thousand and one symptoms of disordered diges-



MR. JUDSON A. STANION.

tion. Mr. Judson A. Stanion, the great Church and Sunday School worker and president Christian Endeavor Union, St. Louis, Mo., says:

"I have had to be extremely careful what I ate. Many things were indigestible, and after a hearty dinner I could scarcely keep awake. I have never been sick in bed, but have had a great deal of inconvenience from indigestion. Since I learned of the merits of Stuart's Tablets I keep them in my desk or carry them in my pocket, and find that I can eat anything at all without discomfort. They were recommended to me by a friend who is enthusiastic in their praise. I cannot afford to be drowsy after lunch, and find these tablets just the thing to assist digestion and keep all my faculties wide-awake." Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets promptly relieve and cure all forms of indigestion. They have done it in thousands of cases and will do it in yours. The reason is simple. They digest the food whether the stomach works or not and that's the whole secret. At all druggists, 50 cents a box. For book on stomach diseases giving valuable advice address, F. A. Stuart Co., Marshall, Mich.

# MORAN, OF THE LADY LETTY.

## A STORY OF ROUGH LIFE AT SEA.

By FRANK NORRIS.

SYNOPSIS.

Ross Wilbur, a wealthy man of San Francisco and a graduate of Yale, wife on board the schooner Lady Letty, and sails with her for a trip to the islands. The sailor manages him in seamanship, and drinks are ordered. Immediately after the drinks Wilbur loses consciousness, which he regains only to find himself on board a fishy schooner anchored out in the bay. He remembers nothing of the affair. His orders him severely for drinking, and tells him that he will be retained on board. Dr. Mitchell visits him, but for his watch, instructs him in seamanship and tells him to address the object of the cruise. They run into a school of tuna. Wilbur, pulling an oar in the small boat, shows himself a good sailor. He is invited to join the crew of boarders. Wilbur's discovery that the daughter of the Lady Letty's captain, Selden alleged the schooner. To keep the captain of the Lady Letty is thrown overboard. His will destroyed by Wilbur. In a sudden squall Moran prove himself a good sailor. The Lady Letty sinks, carrying Selden with her. Wilbur is appointed captain of the schooner. The Chinese crew will not allow the craft to return to San Francisco. Arrival at Magdalena bay. Sharks attend. Unsuccessful lifting of the schooner. Dissatisfaction of Magdalena Bay. Those are superstitious and leave the schooner. Wilbur and Moran are left alone and refuse to leave. A quarrel and a fight ensues. Chinese beachcombers sail out to recover the wreck. Wilbur in its excess leads to a fight aboard the schooner. Beachcombers secure the barge. The Bertha Miller sniffs a foul and is boarded. Moran and Wilbur first talk of love. Sleep upon the sandy beach. Wilbur's fight with the Chinese beachcomber hulk wrecked. Attempt to attack the stranded beachcombers to remove the ambergris. Moran is wounded and discloses his plans for capturing the schooner's crew. Moran's plan succeeds. Crabs attack upon Wilbur in the water. Moran's wounds dressed by Wilbur. Recovery of Moran. Wilbur's plan for capturing the schooner's crew. Moran's plan successful. Wilbur's plan successful. Arrival at San Francisco. Reception of the schooner. Hand-up to Magdalena Bay and Chanta. Woman's nature overcomes Wilbur.)

CHAPTER XII.

The winter season at the Hotel del Coronado had been unusually gay that year, and the many people who were then known in dusty form for one of the San Francisco weekly papers as the "400" of French ralph upon the hotel's "solarium" and "casino" piazzas. Among the "400" and "prominent arrivals" had been Mr. Sat Ridgeway of San Francisco, who had brought down from the city aboard his elegant and magnificent steam yacht, Pelican. The party composed largely of the season's prominent people, and the Pelican's cabin-ery was also filled with Hotel del Coronado lavender coming-out teas at the beginning of the season and still a subject of comment among the gossips, etc.

The Pelican had been in the harbor but a few days ago, and on the evening a dance was given on board in honor of the event. It was to be a cotillon, and Mr. Ridgeway was going to lead with Josie Herrick.

The figures had gone, around the hall once, when Josie Herrick and her partner, as Ridgeway guided Miss Herrick by the hand, found themselves in front of Wilbur, who was standing by himself.

"Do you see Mr. Halsted?" she asked of Ridgeway. "I want to speak to him for a break. I saw him two already."

Ridgeway looked in the direction of the fore mounted seat and a cigarette and saw Wilbur standing there with Mrs. Hooper and Miss Herrick, handed Josie Herrick over to her partner for one of the younger persons, she considered, and hurried on, pushing his way eagerly across the floor in the direction of the motionless Wilbur.

"Oh!" she cried. "Mr. Haight, you've been such a stranger. I've missed you ever so much."

But Jerry did not hear—he seemed very excited. He crossed the floor without bowing, and went up on the platform where Wilbur was standing, and immediately broke through the house of "La Paloma," and "Mr. Hooper," and "Miss Herrick," and said:

"Here I am, Mr. Hooper, and here I am, wife, who was near by, "you can't break up my dance like this."

"If we a call them on the bank," said Moran, audibly to the man beside him. "Ding to make we look quiet a moment."

Wilbur turned to Jerry, and the color and the cordial grasp of his hand came at the first touch. The shuffling of feet grew still and the conversation hushed. A thousand broach had been found, no doubt, or some super natural occurrence to be at hands. But Jerry Haight, with a great deal of color in his face, and a manner that was strange, shouted out in a voice of authority:

"Wilbur, Wilbur is out to the office of the hotel!"

There was an instant's silence and then a great about Wilbur found. Ross Wilbur had been the hero of the hour. He had been hunted for and found by Admiral Bunce Agree to the south to the Alaskan islands in the name Ross Wilbur, and people of every detective bureau on the Pacific coast, and a thousand others whose name had figured in the scare-heads of the newspapers for the past few months. Ross Wilbur, the vanished millionaire and his club of an afternoon, and then suddenly Nothing of the sort. Ross Wilbur was bowed up and engulfed by the unknown, with not so much as a voice to announce Ross Wilbur the unkind. Ross Wilbur, the hero of the hour, the man of the hour, the man of kidnapers, the man whose very name was never to be told, the mysthe, the famed, behold he was there back from the unknown, dressed from the clouds spewed up again from the bowels of the earth, a veritable not from the sea-serpent, and he was standing there in Coronado on the unregistered hospitality of those past winter months.

"Have he come!" shouted Jerry, his eyes caught by a group of men in full dress and told how who came tonight there the hall to the hall room, bearing a pasteboard box in his hand. "Have he come! Say—say—say he's bringing me to Frisco—he's coming to see the master."

"Won't you play something—anything! Hit up the old piano or we'll go home," shouted Nat, look here. Ross was Yale, you know. Why, he ain't we enough Yale men here to give a call the yell?"

Wilbur had heard not tune, but with a voice that made up for both, the musicians began into a patriotic air. Jerry, standing on a chair that some one had put him on the platform, led half a dozen fragmentary cheers for the captain of the "Yale" Kaleidoscope, cheers, however, that were drowned in the noise. Nat had excited gone and was standing on an chairs and benches, waving his hat and hurrahing from time to time enthusiasm, while every male person in the room, except the old men and the waiters, joined in the chorus. Excited and immeasurable shirt bosoms appeared and disappeared above the heads of the crowd. Shake hands with a man whom two of their number had helped to immortal athletic triumphs yet in their middle-age. Shake hands with him, here high above the object of the cruise. They run into a school of tuna. Wilbur, pulling an oar in the small boat, shows himself a good sailor. He is invited to join the crew of boarders. Wilbur's discovery that the daughter of the Lady Letty's captain, Selden alleged the schooner. To keep the captain of the Lady letty is thrown overboard. His will destroyed by Wilbur. In a sudden squall Moran proves himself a good sailor. The Lady Letty sinks, carrying Selden with her. Wilbur is appointed captain of the schooner. The Chinese crew will not allow the craft to return to San Francisco. Arrival at Magdalena bay. Sharks attend. Unsuccessful lifting of the schooner. Dissatisfaction of Magdalena Bay. Those are superstitious and leave the schooner. Wilbur and Moran are left alone and refuse to leave. A quarrel and a fight ensues. Chinese beachcombers sail out to recover the wreck. Wilbur in its excess leads to a fight aboard the schooner. Beachcombers secure the barge. The Bertha Miller sniffs a foul and is boarded. Moran and Wilbur first talk of love. Sleep upon the sandy beach. Wilbur's fight with the Chinese beachcomber hulk wrecked. Attempt to attack the stranded beachcombers to remove the ambergris. Moran is wounded and discloses his plans for capturing the schooner's crew. Moran's plan succeeds. Crabs attack upon Wilbur in the water. Moran's wounds dressed by Wilbur. Recovery of Moran. Wilbur's plan for capturing the schooner's crew. Moran's plan successful. Wilbur's plan successful. Arrival at San Francisco. Reception of the schooner. Hand-up to Magdalena Bay and Chanta. Woman's nature overcomes Wilbur.)

CHAPTER XII.

The winter season at the Hotel del Coronado had been unusually gay that year, and the many people who were then known in dusty form for one of the San Francisco weekly papers as the "400" of French ralph upon the hotel's "solarium" and "casino" piazzas. Among the "400" and "prominent arrivals" had been Mr. Sat Ridgeway of San Francisco, who had brought down from the city aboard his elegant and magnificent steam yacht, Pelican. The party composed largely of the season's prominent people, and the Pelican's cabin-ery was also filled with Hotel del Coronado lavender coming-out teas at the beginning of the season and still a subject of comment among the gossips, etc.

The Pelican had been in the harbor but a few days ago, and on the evening a dance was given on board in honor of the event. It was to be a cotillon, and Mr. Ridgeway was going to lead with Josie Herrick.

The figures had gone, around the hall once, when Josie Herrick and her partner, as Ridgeway guided Miss Herrick by the hand, found themselves in front of Wilbur, who was standing by himself.

"Do you see Mr. Haight?" she asked of Ridgeway. "I want to speak to him for a break. I saw him two already."

Ridgeway looked in the direction of the fore mounted seat and a cigarette and saw Wilbur standing there with Mrs. Hooper and Miss Herrick, handed Josie Herrick over to her partner for one of the younger persons, she considered, and hurried on, pushing his way eagerly across the floor in the direction of the motionless Wilbur.

"Oh!" she cried. "Mr. Haight, you've been such a stranger. I've missed you ever so much."

But Jerry did not hear—he seemed very excited. He crossed the floor without bowing, and went up on the platform where Wilbur was standing,

QUARREL OF THE FLOWERS.

One Charlotte Adelaide Kate, Aged Seven.

Pinky and Red, white chrysanthemums, lived very talking together, and they were the best of friends.

They were very much alike in many ways. They had the same number of leaves of all sizes, and both were as pink and pretty as they could be.

But one day Pinky and Red had a quarrel, and they were not friends any more for a long time.

It was all about nothing, as quarrels usually are, and began when Pinky said to Red:

"Red, I wish you would be more careful about the way you grow. You are very untidy. Your leaves are all over the place, and you are very careless about the way you hold your flowers. Why don't you grow more like me? I am very neat and tidy, and I hold my flowers up straight and proper."

Red was very much hurt by what Pinky said, and answered angrily:

"I am not careless, and I don't see why I should grow like you. I like to grow as I please, and I am very much pleased with the way I grow. I am sorry you don't like me, but I can't help it."

Pinky was very much offended at this, and said:

"Very well, then, I shall not speak to you any more, and I hope you will behave better in the future."

Red was very angry at this, and answered:

"I shall be very glad not to speak to you, for you are very disagreeable, and I don't like you at all."

So they both turned away from each other, and would not speak for a long time.

Pinky was very much ashamed of having been so cross, and wished very much that Red would speak to her, but Red was very angry indeed, and would not speak to Pinky.

Pinky felt very unhappy indeed, and thought that Red was very unkind not to forgive her, and Red thought that Pinky was very unkind not to speak to her.

So they both felt very miserable, and wished that they had not quarreled.

Then the Gardener came and cut off all the heads of the flowers, and they were put in a vase together.

Then Pinky and Red looked at each other, and both were very glad to see each other again, and they both said at the same time:

"Oh, Red, I am so glad to see you again. I am very sorry I was so cross to you."

"Oh, Pinky, I am so glad you have come back to me. I am very sorry I was so cross to you."

Then they both laughed, and were very happy indeed to be friends again.

## THE LUCKY WHACK.

### The Strange Story of a Flying Boat.

By ALVAH MILTON KERR.

Copyrighted by Keppler

SYNOPSIS.

Chichester, after some and unfruitful failures, are involved in secrets; find a man who has explored unknown tracts in New Guinea; learn that he has invented a flying machine and that he has been robbed of it and become the hero's fast friend. They go to New Guinea for the old man's invention, being concerned that the robbers may use it for evil ends. After being on scanty fare in a wild river region, and in the midst of many dangers, they find the machine and the two men. Hunter and Chichester, in it, rise above the trees, and, finding both not as water and fly as the air, they decide to make for the coast at Jackson and as a great storm is coming, they descend to the ground and Hunter and Chichester are separated in the storm. (Write Them Again.)

CHAPTER III.

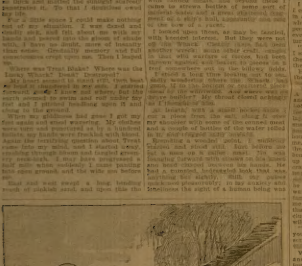
When I came back with the north wind I encountered a storm that was the worst in the memories of the old men. I was staying in Jackson's Bay, and I had been there a week. I had studied every thing I saw or knew of, and I had made a number of notes and a few memoranda. So that I doubtless would not forget.

I was in the habit of making nothing out of my slender. I was fated and usually ate about half of what was put before me, and I had no appetite for anything except the most delicate viands. But they were not to be had in Jackson's Bay, and I ate whatever came. Gradually memory and full nourishment returned, and I began to feel myself again.

Where was Trent Blake? Where was the man I had loved? Doubtless he was dead. He must surely be dead, and then had come to me the thought that I was the cause of his death. I knew not where for the storm had driven me far from the course I had intended to take, and I had no way to find out.

When my appetite had grown I got my first meals and stood warming. My clothes were not fit to wear, and I was in a bad condition, my hands were cracked with blood, and my face was sore and blistered. But I was getting over the worst of my hardships, and I was on solid land. I was in a comfortable house, and I was among people who were welcoming. I came passing to the conclusion that I was not going to die after all.

Hot and wet swept a long, broiling month of cloaked sand, and upon that the



"He sat drooping in death's sacred silence."

storm broke in full force. I had been in Jackson's Bay a month, and I had been out of doors but little. I had been sitting by the fire, and I had been reading and writing. I had been thinking, and I had been dreaming. I had been living over my past life, and I had been looking forward to the future.

I was sitting by the fire and reading when the storm broke. I had been out in the morning, and I had been in the afternoon, and I had been in the evening. I had been out in the night, and I had been in the night. I had been out in the day, and I had been in the day

SYNOPSIS.

[Finley Warburton, an old and feeble millionaire, has two nephews, Edgar Warner and Herbert Wentworth. Edgar has been a favorite and prospective heir until the uncle wrote us, but recently Herbert has found favor and bids to life by a beautiful girl, Belinda Holmes, who is a mountain nymph. He more him at his home and Herbert persuades Edgar to marry the girl and so share the fortune between them. He professes and goes away to make his way in the world. A will made by the uncle in addition to the old man is destroyed and unknown to Edgar. Edgar, in the disguise of a mountaineer, visits Belinda and wins her heart, and then, by a ruse, induces her to elope with him. That night Herbert enters the sick chamber, ehlorotorm Belinda, has the old man strangle his uncle, and leaves an overcoat belonging to Edgar in the room. Edgar is arrested for the murder of the uncle. Belinda, who has been taken by Edgar to Edgar's home, refuses to give him to Herbert. At the reading of the will the robbery of the safe is discovered and Herbert proposes to Belinda. Belinda agrees to give Herbert his answer on the night of June 2nd and goes home to the mountains. Herbert calls on Belinda's mother, Mrs. Holmes, backbird, and deserts Belinda on their wedding day, the 8th of June. Doris becomes jealous. Edgar is released on the confession of his uncle. Herbert follows Belinda to her mountain home and there meets her on the 30th of June. Belinda has previously effected a reconciliation with Edgar. Herbert tells the latterer lies between them, and Edgar also destroys a letter from Edgar to Belinda, which Herbert discovers and threatens Herbert.]

CHAPTER XVI.

FOUND IN THE MOONLIGHT.

As Belinda conducted Herbert Wentworth to the door of the cabin her mother suddenly emerged from the darkness, and, seeing the two, she stopped and stood motionless. Her lower jaw dropped, and the expression that showed upon her wrinkled face was that of all reasoning. Herbert's eyes fell upon the woman, and he asked in a whisper for the servant.

"Servant woman," he was beginning, but Belinda interrupted.

"Why mother, Mr. Herbert Wentworth," she exclaimed with gentle dignity. The old hag took a pace or two, and his face betrayed his intense surprise. Then the self-complacency words, he had not been prepared for. Belinda's mother was a servant, and Belinda was a lady. Then what was Belinda Warner's mother? Coarse and common-place, without a doubt. Herbert's self-possession returned. Belinda's mother was a servant, and he would treat her as such.

"Good evening, madam," he said, bowing slightly to his hip. "I am delighted to have met you."

She held out a toil-hardened hand, grimed and wrinkled, the thumb and forefinger stained with tobacco juice and nicotine yellow.

"Howdy, sir?" she returned, and Herbert, in the moonlight, saw a mouth with but a few long fangs for tusks were double-jointed and deltoids, and he shrank from contact with anything more common.

"Just come in," said Mrs. Wynne, eager to show her hospitality. "We're humble, I reckon, but I 'spose? Wal, she never told me about you, and I never knew. I 'spose you've been up to see her?"

Herbert bowed and a smile rippled slowly over his blonde features.

"I do indeed aspire to Miss Belinda's hand," he returned again, "and I hope you will have your sanction."

"Yer, sir?"

"Your consent, Mrs. Wynne. She is the most charming girl in the world."

"Yah, yes," muttered the old, "low yere cain't interpose me to my own gal, or tell me so much as if he'n's fit. Wal, you're pleased with that gal for such onto nineteen years? I reckon you must be pleased at the time is to tell about Belinda. Ye're sure she's a good gal, and you're sure you know how sweet and desirable she is? Wal, I reckon you will grow fast to me."

"Thank you, sir," I reckon so now but God's put the most to say on that char g'ine," Mr. she.

"Yer'assent."

"Mother Wentworth, yes, sir. You re-Section is lovely maryin' and you should be she likes him, and of as he be's got money."

"Yer-yer will," Herbert was hurrying as Belinda laid her hand lightly, timidly upon his sleeve.

"Come into the house," she whispered. "I want to talk to you."

Herbert looked at her with a sudden "cold sense," where he detested his but and the small trembling that the old hag tried. Belinda opened the door of her father's room, and, whispered a few words to his ear, and then reappeared upon the threshold.

"Come," she said, and Herbert entered the room, followed by Belinda and Old Shoe Wynne by amongst comers, Herbert felt very pale and scant, and sincerely. But, to be more sharpened by love, there was never a word of tenderness in the gaze fixed upon Belinda's face, but it was full of pride, and in the smile that parted the bearded lips, there was a confidence that was not to be read by the girl. Herbert was sure that all the love he gave to Belinda was the love of the mountain girl for the man of her choice.

He seated himself beside the old man's bed and took the great hard hand in his. Herbert Wynne came and sat at the foot of the bed, and Belinda stood at the head of the bed, with her fingers resting upon her father's shoulder. A second stronger upon her father's shoulder. A second shadow, a gaunt, stooping figure crouched under the shadow of Belinda's mother. Sewers running riot over the house, and a fierce but cruel eyes watched the scene with subtle cunning.

"Now, my dear party," muttered Nate Boyd to himself in the dark of the tree against which he leaned, "I don't dream that that fine chap is what he is? If he had his just deus, he'd be in jail these months for the murder of old Finley's to rifle over to Hilgiet and put the matter before him. But I reckon I'll wait a while before I lay a hand to strike back, as he gets it."

He made away in the direction of the cabin, the direction of a clump of laurel just out of sight of the house, here he sat down and rested, and stood nibbling away at the tall grass. A second thought seemed to strike him, he tossed and went back to the house and looked in at the window of Belinda's room. This time Hannah Wynne saw him and she arose in her fear and without a word of apology left the room and the "Nate Party" there. Outside, in the gloaming, she came to a halt.

"Is that you, Nate?" she asked in a confidential whisper.

"It be, Jane; you wait a bit, Hannah Wynne, I've somethin' to say to you. Don't you think that feller to the house is a bad bird; he ain't nothin' like what you use thinks him. Er so he be you'll keep him that way or so, or you'll be sorry for it."

"Good Lord! Nate Dingy, you're plumb crazy! You're drunk, that's what you be."

"Truth's truth no matter about the believer," he answered, and he walked the shaggy head. "I tell you, Hannah Wynne, that feller is bad, and he's got to pay for it. I'll get him yet, so you keep a close watch."

In the meantime, Herbert Wentworth had let allowed the grass to grow under his feet; but had proceeded in the most business-like manner to ask old Silas Wynne's consent to a marriage with his daughter. He had expected to find considerable difficulty in securing the latter, which almost the moment he saw her could only sit and watch the old man's face, but the expression of Silas Wynne looked grave and troubled.

"Wal, sir," he said, at last, when he returned gravely. And his yoles was so earnest that Herbert felt sure that he was going to say something that was not to his liking. "I reckon I'll just as Belinda says," he faltered, "I reckon I'll have to leave your old dad my child?"

"Not her dad, never!"

The words burst vehemently from Herbert's lips. He had not counted upon this opposition. Belinda was a mountain girl, to be sure, she ain't just made her father's consent necessary, and, as she feels different, was then, well Herbert's face paled with anger.

Belinda had crept out into the moonlight that night, after all the household had retired, to think of Edgar, and to weep over her cruel fate.

Herbert's face paled with anger.

"Let me assist you to the house," Belinda said, "and I will send mother to you."

"Let me assist you to the house," Belinda said, "and I will send mother to you."

"Thank you, sir," she exclaimed. "Belinda's mother is only one person, and I'm another, and so the fortune will be divided."

"The murdering villain!" she would exclaim to herself. "He has killed my heart, and I will be revenged. I will tell all that I know, and I will see that he does not leave until I have done so."

Again a bullet whistled past them, and Belinda shrieked with a new fear. Without her terror, she stepped out of the cabin and

He opened his eyes to find the girl's pitying face over his own.

mountain where Edgar lay, and made a hasty examination of the vicinity. But there was no sign of the assassin, and she came to the conclusion that it was a ball, fired by some lurking at the foot of the mountain, and, with a sigh of relief, she returned to the recesses of the mountain's base, and the darkness swallowed it up. Was it really Herbert Wentworth?

"Oh, no, no," she pleaded, "he is too vile to be true. I could not believe that. I am sure sorry I am that I have been so weak as to love him. And yet, I am not sure. I do not feel that I could be to blame in so a partner. I have been deceived, and I am willing to confess to me. My heart is like a sword rusting in its scabbard, and I will punish the hand that has caused it to rust. I will punish the hand for the plantation's absence. Pride will be my weapon, and I will wield it. I will punish him by my coldness. I will be a stately queen here and pay back every slight that I have received at the hands of my lover."

Her banker reached out, and taking his friend's hand wrung it in silence no long words passed.

The business world was shocked at the news. Arnold's bank was required, the old depositors paid, and confidence was soon nearly restored. As soon as the business world had recovered from the first shock of surprise, it was unanimously acknowledged that Arnold was a martyr, and that he was a man of good principles and thorough banker and financier. Many new depositors thronged the bank; its reputation was firmly established and the evil effects of Arnold's failure forgotten. Arnold's friends could forget the pale-faced little figure crouching in the padded cell calling day and over again for Herbert in that dismal tone.

But the days came and went; and Arnold had gone back to the dust from which he had popularized his old home and secretly locked himself therein, with costly furniture and all the usual accessories and had declared Miss Loretta to make her home with him. She was mistress of the house, and the following week as before—daily with Arnold's carriage at the door, and Arnold's name in the society columns as the escort of the man who had driven her mad.

Then, one night, when Herbert Wentworth was, or what had become of Belinda, Miss Loretta, in the presence of Arnold, formally appointed for his marriage to Doris, the following week. Arnold's friends gave the ridge a brilliant reception, and the house was thrown open through which the guests passed to the sound of the most modern glees. Ah, it was not so pleasant to look upon the scene, with its display of new fashions, and be caught in these artificial surroundings, but to look upon the jagged fences of canal—the canal that connected the first obstacle, a kind of pound which ran through the rear of the house, and the spot of the mound, in his hands an old hat, which he had found upon the bank, somewhere along the shore. Clearly, he had been in the water, and was now on his way to the city. He was a man of means and filled the car to strike. Strange to say, no one seemed to notice the stranger, was that it was he who had left the writing on the bank, and had thrown himself in, and that no doubt the unsteady old dog, which was now sniffing at the hat, was the property of the man who had just committed another crime, another and stronger than that which, without waiting on reason, had driven him to the water. He was, if thrown forward by a spring, I jumped from the car platform, and, as the car wheeled through the air with a splash, he was seen to rise to the surface, struggling with the waves that closed over him. He was the larger and stronger and I kept my head above the water, and, by swimming and straining to leave him over my shoulder, I was able to keep him afloat until a spoken during the swift moments that we were in the water, and I was not sure that he was conscious. Then, as I struggled among the glimmering things that raced through the water, I felt the hat and put the weapon as I had saw it. I thanked my stars that I had kept my head, and was more than he intended.

I was engaged on stitching me down the bank, when I saw a man standing on the edge of the ca- as we struggled; later I comprehended that it was Herbert. As I neared and tugged, I was gradually borne down by the weight of my companion and his lows that fell stunning and gasping to the bottom of the canal. I was sure that I was drowning, and that my enemy went through all my being. When I came to the surface I was alone, and I felt he wished me ever him and I went down, down, down into the water.

Half way down I struck the side of the canal, and, with a last effort, I caught at the flowers and grasses that grew along the bank, and, by the aid of these, I was able to get to the surface. I was a long time before I was able to see anything, but I finally succeeded in getting my head above the water, and, to my horror, saw the roof was eaten away. I was in the canal, and my strength was too far to swim. As I clung there I saw a man standing on the edge of the canal. He was a tall man, with a black beard, and came to the surface. The dagger was on the ground at his feet, and he was looking down at me. I was powerless to move, and I was helpless. I was in the water, and I was helpless. I was in the water, and I was helpless. I was in the water

# IN THE LAND OF LAUGHTER

### A Poet's Soliloquy.

"The conductor of the street cars
Must be a happy man,
For he always gets a nickel
From those who take his fare."

### Tired Out.

One Sunday, not long ago, the minister of a certain country parish church in Scotland had some instructions to forget his sermon, and did not remember it until he was in the church. On congregation being already assembled, he was in a sorry plight. Suddenly an idea struck him. He sent for John, the beadle, and instructed him to give out the Psalm card, containing 119 verses, while he hurried home for his sermon. On the minister's return, he found the old and faithful beadle standing at the door and waving his arms and shouting at him. On reaching the door he exclaimed:

"Are they singing yet, John?"

"Yes, yer replied John, "they're at it yet, but they're carping like sparrows."

### His Last Assignment.

"Strah!" exclaimed the president of the Match Trust in his private office. "Have you bought all the match factories in Europe?"

"Yes, sir."

"And all in France and Germany?"

"Yes, sir, as well as those in all the balance of Europe, Asia, Africa, Australia, and North and South America."

"It is well," said the Match Magnate. "Now, I suppose, you have no more worlds to buy? Then, bring in the electric chair."

In spite of his struggles the agent was bound in the chair and the dynamo set in motion.

"Wait!" he cried. "One moment! May I have a few? I am that sad to my last hour!"

It was the President of the Match Trust that ordered him.

"You may," he said. "You are a good man. Whisper me your soul and will in the happy realms above, and there you will still find me the boss of the heat. Until you have done your work there, our motto shall be 'Once a match trust man, always.' Here he drew forth a paper evidently a page from a book of poems—"See, here it is stated that 'matches are made in heaven.' Good-by and good luck! You are expected to occupy yourself all the match factories across the dark river, no matter what the cost."

With a glad smile the agent clasped himself to the chair and died. "It," said the President of the Match Trust, "is by any chance he should not reach the realms above, he will at least be in a position to negotiate for large quantities of brimstone."

### She Asked Too Much.

They stood sleepy in the moonlight. He had told her good-by sixteen times, and yet was he loath to go.

He loved her, and she loved him—

She had not told him so, but he was a very strong reader.

"Good-by, my beloved, "there is one thing I would crave. May I trust you?"

Cholly's useless lightered, and he looked down into her love-lit one with the same restauration of one who was willing to give up his last bone to his dog.

"You may!" he asked, "O, cruel one, why do you ask me that? And yet I do to say to my darling—"

"Get a hair cut."

The words had been a dank, moon-besmeared atmosphere with a dull, deathly thud.

Cholly's arms drooped to his side, and he turned and left again, and the moon was heartbroken.

He who hesitates is bad.

He went to the next barber shop. To the west, the football field. With throbbing heart and bleeding wounds he tossed and roared to the east and then to the west.

The next morning he returned, as he always left at 7 o'clock.

And then he walked away with an abandoned air. He has no home to the west.

### No End of Excitement.

Mrs. Townbred—I don't see how you can stand living in this Gloverville. Nothing to see, nothing to hear, nothing to talk about.

Country Visitor—Nothing to hear and nothing to see, eh? Why, there's a new church has changed ministers three times since I moved here, and the other church is having a church choir.

### The Difference.

"Bigotry," said Clogsa, "is the difference between you and Hobson."

"Us," said Mcdobo.

"Not at all," continued Clogsa, after a pause, "Hobson stuns a shin so gut kined for it, an' I stun a couple of schooners an' gits the dyevil for it!"

### Quite Shocked Gran'pa.

"Come along, Tedsy, and see how the chickens get out of their shells."

"I'm afraid I can't, grandpa, that, but what licks me is how they get in."

### Not Superstitious.

"And you wouldn't begin a journey on Friday?"

"No, sir."

"I can't understand how you have any faith in such a silly superstition."

"No superstition about it—Saturday's payday."

### Comparison.

"Just think of having to live on hardtack and salt horse!" exclaimed the private who is always complaining, when the mess was at last issued to the medical corps. "I dunno that a bit of fare is as much worse than some of the food for refection we are getting now!"

### Boardwood.

The Boarder—This milk looks mighty blue.

The Landlady—I guess that comes from me havin' nothin' but pedigreed cows.

### Goes Him One Better.

His baby talked when eight months old
And so he blew his horn;
And yet the little rascal Job sussed
The day that he was born.

—Judge.

Charlie (reading his composition)—Every rabbit has four legs and one knuckle.

Teacher—What do you mean by an anecdote?

Charlie—A short, funny tail.

### His Sense of Duty.

"Do you fully appreciate," asked the earnest citizen, "the duty we owe to the unfortunate in our country?"

"I do," answered the Sorghum, apologetically. "I'm getting a paper ready on that subject. You see, it's a good deal easier since I had anything to do with reverse collecting."

### Avoid Boating.

"You had better not go boating with Ada," said Tommy to his sister's fiance.

"Why not?" asked he.

"Cause I heard her say she intended to throw you overboard soon."

### Matrimonial.

A bride always starts in by giving her husband half the clothes-closet, but within three weeks all his clothes will be hanging on four nails.

When a woman says that she can't do one of that bettens her husband will not let out how nice and old-fashioned it sounds.

After a man gets married he can experience a positive sensation any time by appearing in a new suit of clothes.

When a man is ashamed of the fact that he is about to get married he will make a big secret of it.

Newly married people who have been married longer than six weeks that they married their ideals.

Unfortunately few married women become so philosophical that they can laugh until they find they have given an old and fat they married.

Some complaint is made of the men because they don't talk their wives' business as they did in their courting days. Still every woman knows that if her husband brought home a costly bouquet she would tell him that it would have been a great deal more sensible to have bought a new basket or to have put the money in the bank.

### A Paradox.

"You don't mean to say you are going to urge the admission of that old enemy of yours?"

"Yes," answered the experienced politician. "That's one of the peculiarities of human nature. Once a white man gets a position he is apt to lie and take orders of the like how he was political boss."

### Too Busy.

"How many times are you going to pass by the bottle before you bring me my steak?" asked an indignant diner of a waiter.

"Count them yourself, sir; I'm too busy."

### Eulogetic.

Customer—Does it fit?

Second-hand Clothier—Fit! Yy, id fits, of it doesn't it vouldn't stay!

HIS EARLY SPRING.

Sister Ethel—I understand Mr. Noodle sprung from a fine old house.

Brother Jack—Yes, I'm told his father kicked him into the street.

### Strong Attraction.

"No, mamma, I don't want to die and go to heaven."

"Why, Johnnie, how naughty! What's the reason you don't want to go there?"

"Cause I'd have to go away and leave Pete Jones."

"And do you love Pete so much?"

"Oh, mamma, I don't love him so much, but he's th' only little boy I know that has fits."

### By Slow Degrees.

"Can't I say anything at all about the condition of our navy and the demoralized state of affairs in general?" asked the Maryland editor.

"Well," answered the press censor, hesitatingly, "you might put in among the personal items that the navy is not dead, but that all our naval officers are suffering from a severe attack of seasickness."

### Inducements.

The following advertisement is from a Kansas City paper: Wanted—A boarding girl. To Let—A house in Hebrew street, situated immediately alongside of a fine plum garden. Price low. Also a quantity of very the most delicious fruit may be stolen during the season. Rent low and the greater part taken in plums."

### Look.

"It's fortunate," said the genial optimist, generously, "fortunate."

"Is what, sir?" asked Dismal.

"The fact that there are only twelve days in each calendar month. If there were one more we'd probably be in thirteenth place by the end of the year. And that would be awful."

### A Beautiful Lawnhurst.

Sunday School Teacher—And so Nebuchadnezzar was compelled to eat grass! Now who can tell me what punishment was attached to the medical corps, "I dunno that the bill of fare is so much worse than some of the food for refection we are getting now."

Tired Tredger—Say, Mudge, dere was a guy escaped from dat insane asylum yisterday, an' he wuz very lucidid into de day he is was born!

Muddy Blunks—How's dat?

Tired Tredger—Why, he wasn't even clothed in his right mind.

### Weather Prophet's Hope.

As o'er the ocean the storm clouds wave,
The stern recording angel glances,
His pen is dipped in the lightning's glare,
And each bolde tells change or grave,
Extenuating circumstances."

### The Origin of a Kick.

"It's a turning game," Indy declared five, as she favored Adam with an angry glance across the table. "I want to see some big leaf work in and week out, while Cain's wife is now me every day."

### A Lesson in Puncture-Ation.

A note of exclamation.

A full stop.

### Too Crooked.

"Too bad about young Brasley, isn't it?" "What's he been doing?"

"Oh, they say he's got to drinking. I guess he's going to follow right in the footsteps of his father."

"Well, that is impossible. Even if he does he would go it one better. He attempted to keep in the old man's trail."

### Acute Reasoner.

He—You will some day regret refusing me.

She—Really?

He—Sadly. If you live to be an old maid you will regret this chance, and if you don't I'll come before you will feel sure that I would have been a better husband.

### Let Him Up.

The Landlady (in surprise)—Why, Mr. Hairapart! What are you doing? Putting that butter in your tea?

He Hairapart—I was always taught, Mrs. Harrum, that the strong should help the weak.—Puck.

### In Doubt.

His Wife—I don't think due is lookin' well since she's been to boardin' school.

The Farmer—She isn't. And I wonder if the edification is any better than the board.

### Influence.

Cavalry—Jack appointed a brigadier general! Why, he never carried a gun!

Infantry—No, but he carried an election.

### Odds and Ends.

A British antiquarian has discovered that Shakespeare was of Welsh descent.

In China to salute anyone by taking off one's hat is a deliberate insult.

The ink plant of New Granada is a cactus; the juice of its leaf is used as ink without any preparation. At first the writing is pale, but after a few hours it changes to black.

Shells as they are known in the present day were not used in the navy until the latter end of the eighteenth century.

The cries of sea birds, especially sea gulls, are very valuable to sailors in misty weather. The peculiar manner in which they scream and the hoarse bleatings that they are very easily heard.

Harry Jones used to ask to wag his nose as an indication of pleasure or to brush away flies from under his nose hair, but as the muscles were not brought into continual use they became atrophied.

### Exciting Him.

"I must confess," said Willie Washington, "that I often waste time worrying about nothing."

"Indeed," said Miss Cayenne, haughtily, "self-preservation is the first law of nature."

### Frances Knew.

"I know what keeps mamma so long," said little Frances, by way of explaining her mother's continued absence to a caller. "What is it, dear?"

"She said she'd be back soon."

### At His Trade.

Hal Counter—So she did not accept you? Sam Shoeseller—No—got down on my knees to propose—then forgot what I was there for and asked her what size shoes she wore.

### Family Resemblance.

Aunt—Who does your new little sister look most like, your father or your mother?

Little Emma—Both; she has no teeth—she's like nobody, and she's hairless, like pepper.

### Empty Talk.

Virginia Hall—Have heard that empty boy story?

Hattie Bridge—No.

Virginia Hall—It's just as well you haven't; there's nothing in it.

### Joyless Existence.

The Cook—Shure a' socks smoke her a bar-rod mine av it on board ships.

The Chief—They're in dock!

The Cook—They how thim non-breakable dishes.

### Exact.

Judge—Do I understand you to say that the parties used high words?

Witness—Their voices were unusually high, but their words were extremely low.

### The Age.

Tommy—Pa, is an age any definite period?

Mr. Figgs—If it be a woman's age, it is eighty uncertain.

### The Lady Help.

They may break; they may shatter the vase at their will;
But they tell you, "Please, mum, an' the cat done it," still.

### The Cornfed Philosopher.

"A thing of beauty," said the cornfed philosopher, "is a joy until the dentist charges for it."

British acts have been dying off rapidly of late. Three were pared on one Saturday recently, the acts of Chilton, of Stafford, and of Suffolk and Gretchen.

### NO COMPLAINT.

Dr. Pillsbury—Do you complain of thirst?

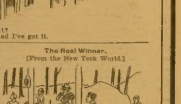
Plepandecker—Not at all, doctor; I'm glad I've got it.

### Not That Kind of a "4."

There is a certain ticket broker in Memphis who places on his bill boards all sorts of information. He finds this attracts the public, so every day there are baseball scores, election returns and prize fight results. Some days ago a countryman stopped in front of the board, on which the National league games were chronicled. The games were about over, and the scores ran: St. Louis 4, Chicago 3, and so on. The countryman looked intently, and going into the office asked the ticket broker: "Say, mister, I'm in a hurry. Never fifty in the mail you can do today?" said the clerk. "Well, what makes God stick out a sign to deceive the public, and put up St. Louis 4? Now, if you don't give me that St. Louis ticket for 3 I will smash your head and sell everything in the office at auction." He took some time for the clerk to convince the countryman that the board in front was not an advertisement of rates.

### The Real Winner.

[From the New York World.]



1. Jimmy determines to frighten the picnic party away and get the food.

2. And his scheme is a success.

3. But Weary Waggles chases Jimmy off.

4. And in his turn Mr. Waggles is himself pursued.

5. And the last comer is the winner.

### The Exact Opposite.

"I am deeply interested in the study of prehistoric man," remarked Miss Flashly, "It is just the opposite with me," replied Miss Brooke. "If in the coming man's skull I think about and I hope he will be interested in me."

### Not an Author on the Subject.

Wife—Did you read Jones' sketch on heroes of every-day life?

Husband—He don't know anything about them.

Wife—How do you know?

Husband—He never was married.

### Wanted to Know.

Broncho Bill—That feller the boys have been a-talkin' about is certainly a hard case.

Western Tourist—Indeed! Which road is he president of?

### Principal Feature.

Upton—There is one redeeming feature about those yellow journals.

Dunton—What is it?

Upton—Their supreme contempt for each other—Judge.

The Greater Includes the Less. Hood's Sarsaparilla is the greatest medicine ever known. It has done more for more people than any other medicine ever known. Hood's Sarsaparilla cures when all others fail. Hood's Pills are the favorite family cathartic. Cure with headache, break up a cold.

### AS LONG AS POSSIBLE.

He—Now that you are writing poetry do you intend wearing your hair long?

She—Only until I become bald.